Oscar Gass

THE NEW REPUBLIC

February 9, 1963, 35 cents

De Gaulle by Twilight

Louis J. Halle

One Million Abortions
James Ridgeway

Americans in Paris
William Saroyan

Nothing but Ads
Paul Goodman

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T.R.B. from Washington

Assessing the Damage

★ We wish we had something profound to say about de Gaulle. We don't. We heard a high Administration official discuss him this week. He had nothing profound to say either. He just talked about an "irresistible tide of events" reversing de Gaulle. In Congress they are trying to keep the lid on a volcano of latent isolationism which, if it erupted, would blow us right out of Europe and a large part of the world too, and would do just what Khrushchev (and perhaps de Gaulle) want. (House Republicans packed the Foreign Relations Committee last week with five isolationists who oppose foreign aid and financial help for the UN).

Quaintly enough, one side effect of de Gaulle may be to reduce America's psychotic fear of Russia. Gen. de Gaulle snaps his fingers in front of Khrushchev's nose and implies that Russia will be back in the European community before many generations and that, meanwhile, war is improbable. Maybe yes, maybe no; it's an attitude that can't but have effect on Americans.

The guess here is that Congress will pass some sort of a tax cut this year; that it will separate it from so-called "reforms," or loophole-plugging, and that the initial amount may be inadequate to get the country moving again. Let's go back a bit. When Kennedy ran for the Presidency and took office he understood and promised an expansionary economic program. But the final Eisenhower recession hit bottom just a few months after inauguration and things began to look better. Kennedy, a fiscal conservative, decided to hold off drastic remedies.

And then, as readers of this column know, the same old thing happened: at a certain fixed point in the recovery it began to flag and falter, just like four other recoveries since the war. The brakes of high war-time taxes were taking hold and private investment just wasn't big enough to put us over the hill.

Well, give Mr. Kennedy credit: for the first time now in American history the principle of counter-cyclical expansionary government action has been deliberately and publicly applied; Kennedy has frankly announced in his proposed tax cut that he is going to pile one deficit on another and that he will resist compensatory federal economies which would, of course, be self-defeating. This is a landmark in policy. In spite of the "Puritan ethic" and all that sort of thing the US is now doing just what any other modern industrial nation would have done about 10 years ago (and what the Common Market countries, in fact, generally did).

We don't mean to criticize Mr. Kennedy if we say the outcome is a political solution. In the first place he was cornered into it. He would look pretty silly if he hadn't got the country moving again by 1964; and his policy of drift almost certainly would have otherwise produced a series of stagnation-deficits and continued unemployment. It was political, too, we think, to budget for a deficit of no more than $11.9 billion next year, carefully scaled just under Ike's record-setting deficit of $12.4 billion in 1959. Again, federal expenditures of $98.8 billions are just under the politically sensitive ceiling of $100 billion.

Cut versus Reform

★ But most particularly, and most questionable, is the decision to spread out the cut over three years. What does this mean for 1963, which may be crucial? Under the three-year plan a cut of only $3 billions is allocated for 1963. Simultaneously the tax take from higher social security rates this year is going up $1.5 billion. Is there enough of a psychological boost left in this slight cut to head off a recession?

Finally, the Kennedy package has two parts – the cuts and the "reforms." Big gainers from the cuts will be the rich; big gainer from the reforms, the poor. (Average tax cut for incomes under $5,000 equals $75; for those over $50,000, $4,500). If Congress passes the cuts and neglects the reforms, as seems likely, the effect will be regressive – the rich will be richer; the poor, poorer.

The Man Who Still Cares

★ A man we like to hear is Willard Wirtz, Secretary of Labor, who is becoming the conscience of the Administration. To him unemployment figures aren't just statistics, they are human beings. He brings emotion and urgency to the central point: population growth and automation mean that job opportunities are steadily declining in a static economy, the economy *must* grow or unemployment will. "It is almost intolerable," he told a Congressional committee, "that the country takes the present degree of unemployment with equanimity." He noted that we lost more time last year from unemployment than we lost in the past 35 years from strikes.

Do you know some mentally-retarded juvenile delinquent who wants to be a burglar? All he needs is a gun. How does he get it? Simple, if he can steal the money – tell him to write to a mail order house. Or suppose racial violence flares in Half-wit, Miss. How do the enterprising 14-year-olds there get machine guns? Simple: buy them by mail. There's a multi-million dollar business by respectable companies supplying America's energetic small fry with knives, revolvers and submachine guns so they and narcotic addicts, hardened criminals and what not can enjoy their jolly gang warfare. A Senate subcommittee on juvenile delinquency has been taking incredible testimony here from police chiefs. Federal law permits it, local authorities can't stop it; death-by-mail is legal both interstate and within a state.

On Jan. 3, 1961, Vice President Nixon said that "at the beginning of each new Congress a *majority* of the Senate have the Constitutional right to determine the rules under which the Senate will be governed . . ." and he promised to so rule. Lyndon Johnson has resolutely refused to follow suit, to the joy of Southerners. Senate liberals have a majority to tighten the anti-filibuster rule – if they can bring it to a vote. But the racist Southerners won't let them. And so, at mid-20th Century, the US Senate stands impotent.

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In the wake of de Gaulle's imperious rejection of insular Anglo-Saxons dismal warnings have again bobbed to the surface that America may one of these days turn its back on Europe – withdrawing into isolationism and protectionism. It could happen here, but it won't. It won't because the US has a permanent stake in the maintenance of peace and something like free societies in Europe; because Americans want to sell their goods to Europe; and because the US Government wants Europe to share the burden of financing and policing the orderly development of Africa and Asia.

Nevertheless, the form and tone of the trans-Atlantic relationship has changed, and not only because of de Gaulle. What is new is that Western Europe has a new ability, as well as an old desire, to stand on its own feet. De Gaulle is not the only influential leader who sees Europe as a unique and powerful force rather than a nonentity submerged in an "Atlantic community" of which the US is commander-in-chief. It is this third-force vision to which the French foreign minister alludes when he says: "On the basis of a solid economic union, it will be possible for us to define and practice a foreign policy and a defense policy which will be truly European. Then Western Europe, to which, I hope, Great Britain will be joined without restrictions, will have become a coherent political whole, capable of cooperating fully with the United States in the framework of the Atlantic Alliance and of constituting that element of balance necessary to an over-all settlement." The concept is not unlike that expressed by Mr. Macmillan last week in the House of Commons: "a European community equal in strength to Russia on one side and to America on the other."

The point is obvious: America cannot have the same relationship to an increasingly self-reliant community as it had to the dependent Europe of 1945-55. We are no longer, as Walter Lippmann has pointed out, "the defender and the banker of Western Europe." We are not the banker because the European economies are growing rapidly, and it is we who now seek their help to shore up the dollar. We are not regarded as the supreme defender, in part because Europe's fear of a Red Army sweeping across the continent or of Soviet nuclear blackmail (surrender or be smashed) has greatly declined. Paradoxically, however, it is still assumed – even by de Gaulle – that in the unlikely event of a massive Russian attack, the US would in its own self-interest retaliate with its projected 1,850 missiles and its thousand-plus bombers; and would do it with or without NATO. Confidence that

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the US would so act is probably justified: however rude de Gaulle may be, however harshly the Common Market may discriminate against American products, America is no more likely to tolerate a Soviet-dominated Western Europe than a Nazi-dominated Europe. The interesting question – in which there must be some anxious speculation in Bonn since the signing of the Franco-German Pact – is whether the French are prepared to take over the defense of West Berlin.

Since Britain and the Scandinavian countries will not soon become an integral part of a European community, as the US had hoped they would, what revisions in US policy are in order?

First of all, and promptly, the Administration should try to persuade Congress to pass the Douglas-Reuss Amendment to the Trade Expansion Act. With Britain out of the Common Market, one of the key bargaining counters given to the President by the Trade Expansion Act has been wiped off the board – namely, his authority to apply zero tariffs on products for which this country and the Common Market trade amounts to 80 percent of the world total. Were Britain in the Market, the number of products on which tariffs could be removed would be large; without Britain, about all that is left on which to bargain are margarine and jet aircraft. The Douglas-Reuss Amendment would, in effect, permit the President to negotiate drastic tariff reductions as if Britain and other members of the European Free Trade Association *were* in the Market.

In the coming weeks there will, of course, be some talk in London and Washington of possible reprisals against de Gaulle and of some radical reappraisal of Alliance policy. The more prudent attitude in our opinion is: keep cool with Kennedy. Admittedly, de Gaulle has delayed, if not killed, the promising evolution of an enlarged and vital European community. But the United Kingdom and the other nations of the "Outer Seven" are not shipwrecked; they and the Commonwealth can prosper outside the Market if that is where they remain (and de Gaulle notwithstanding they may not remain there forever). They can prosper if, among other things, America is willing to expand its trade with them. That in turn requires that the US national interest take precedence over the special interests of protected industries; American business and labor must be more willing than in the past to put up with the rigors of international competition.

Had Britain entered the Market this year, perhaps Europe would have been somewhat more accommodating to the US in trade negotiations. But it never was true that the bargaining would be gentlemanly. The Market would have been and will be a determined competitor. Why, after all, should The Six be willing to open wide their mass market to US goods? Their own production is soaring. Both in farm and industrial goods, the Market looks forward to achieving a reasonable degree of self-sufficiency.

When it comes, however, to assuring that less-developed nations have access to Western markets and to Western financial and technical aid, the European Community, with or without Britain, has no reason to spurn US cooperation. This joint responsibility, which a committee of the OECD has just begun to translate into concrete recommendations, cannot be relinquished on either side of the Atlantic without further alienating the poor colored from the rich whites – with all that means in terms of disorder and disillusionment from which the Communists would hope to profit.

Finally, before one leaps to the grim conclusion that the diminishing of American authority in Western Europe is a disaster, or that de Gaulle's intransigence signals the collapse of Western partnership, it is worth remembering that rivalries – greeted with so much pleasure when they appear in the Communist bloc – must exist too within our "camp." We want a pluralistic world. We're getting it. No one can yet tell whether these divergences, largely of national interest, are good or bad. And at any rate, Charles de Gaulle, though his concept of Europe may be that of Talleyrand, is not President Kennedy's Mao Tse-tung.

Musical Chairs

Senator Clinton P. Anderson (D, N.M.) is about to take over the chairmanship of the Aeronautical and Space Sciences Committee, vacated January 1 by the death of Sen. Robert Kerr (D, Okla.). Behind that move lies a twice-told tale.

Senator Anderson could have had the job two years ago, when the Space Committee's first chairman, Lyndon B. Johnson, stepped down to take the oath as Vice President. At that time, both top-ranking Democrats on the Committee held chairmanships they had reason to value more highly – Richard B. Russell on Armed Services, and Warren G. Magnuson on Commerce. Anderson, ranking third, was next in line. But he was also first in line to succeed Sen. James E. Murray (D, Mont.), who had retired at the end of 1960 as chairman of the Senate Interior Committee whose "public lands" responsibilities give it preeminence among Westerners. So Anderson took Interior and waived his seniority. Fourth-ranking Bob Kerr took over.

Last November 18 Anderson's fellow Democrat from New Mexico, Senator Dennis Chavez, died leaving vacant the chairmanship of the Public Works Committee, a Santa Claus post in the eyes of every region. Next in line to succeed Chavez was Kerr, provided he satisfied Senate rules by relinquishing his other chairmanship. It was then that Anderson let it be known publicly

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that he would very much like to give up Interior and move into Kerr's spot on Space. The reasons advanced made abundant sense, in Washington or Santa Fe.

As chairman of Interior, Anderson had helped to secure Senate passage in 1961 and final enactment in 1962 of a legislative bonanza for New Mexico – a bill authorizing construction of the $135 million Navaho Indian irrigation project and the $86 million San Juan-Chama water diversion project. In two years as head of Interior, in short, Anderson had done his bit for his state; comparable rewards were not to be duplicated in the near future.

By contrast, New Mexico's potential interest in the space program was considerable. Holloman Air Force Base and the White Sands Missile Range, a thriving complex during development of short-range missiles in the early 1950's, had lost ground to Florida and California with increasing concentration on longer-range missiles requiring ocean-sized shooting galleries. Looming over the space horizon, however, was the need for a land-based recovery point for the Gemini and Apollo programs. The White Sands-Holloman nexus appears in New Mexican eyes to be tailor-made to become the "National Aerospace Landing Site."

And so it is that Senator Anderson is exercising his seniority rights to claim chairmanship of the Space Committee, which through the foresight of Lyndon Johnson in 1958 must first authorize any and all appropriations for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. NASA's fiscal 1964 request calls for $5.7 billion in new spending authority, up $2 billion from this year. As Anderson has noted, the space program is becoming so expensive that NASA should make every effort to cut costs by utilizing existing facilities. No more reasonable argument could be advanced in behalf of New Mexico's interests. Nor is NASA likely to be unswayed.

The point of all this, of course, is not to heap scorn on Anderson – an able man whose high "public interest" quotient has been displayed time and again. The point is rather to underline how the seniority system really works at a time when the winds of legislative reform are picking up velocity is no clear direction.

Water Depletion Allowance

While Congress is contemplating new taxes on oil magnates to offset their 27½ percent depletion allowances, a federal judge in Texas has for the first time allowed owners of vanishing water reserves a similar "depletion allowance" in computing their tax bills.

The vast aquifer underlying some 11,000 square miles of West Texas is, in effect, a natural cistern. Built up through geological ages from the higher strata to the West, it is now being rapidly emptied. Two years ago a member of the High Plains Underground Water District sued to reclaim $300 of his 1959 federal income tax payment on the ground that his water supply is a wasting asset just like an oil well, on which he is entitled to capital replenishment. After a year's deliberation a federal district court has agreed with him.

The case is bound to be appealed to the US Supreme Court. If upheld, district members stand to recover $6 million yearly in income taxes, back to and including 1959. Hydrologists point out that every district (if not every well owner) would have to qualify according to local facts, for some aquifers replenish themselves. Nonetheless, if non-renewable water supplies earn tax write-offs, there is bound to be a further feverish exploitation of groundwater. Water is already a wasting and irretrievable natural resource. The time may be coming when 20th Century prairie ghost towns where water gave out will be added to those 19th Century mountain ghost towns where mines gave out.

Providing tax incentives to hasten community suicide seems a foolish business. So long as Congress is considering tax reform, it might well explicitly exclude water owners from receiving depletion credits.

Aspinall in the Wilderness

Some hard heads are sure to bump during this session of Congress, in the continuing controversy over plans to maintain more of the 700 million acres of federal lands as "unspoiled wilderness." Secretaries Udall of Interior and Freeman of Agriculture are both keen conservationists, and they, along with American wildlife and natural resource groups, are working to preserve as much wilderness as possible.

The most serious obstacle is Rep. Wayne Aspinall. He is a small but obdurate Democrat from Colorado, who heads the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee through which resource legislation must pass. The Committee is dominated by Westerners who see eye to eye with Mr. Aspinall.

In 1961, the Senate approved a "wilderness" bill 78-8 which would have made about 30 million acres of national forest perpetually inviolate from commercial exploitation and would have permitted administrators to set aside additional wilderness land subject to Congressional veto.

Mr. Aspinall's committee held that bill for a year and eventually reported it out so changed that some called it an "anti-wilderness bill." Acreage was cut in half, commercial exploration would have been permitted for a decade, and administrators would have had to submit to Congress all requests for so much as a single additional acre. In the closing hurly-burly of the 87th, the

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bill never reached a vote, and nature lovers were just as glad. Now, in the early days of the 88th, Mr. Aspinall again warns that there will be no "locking up" of lands for such romantic purposes as preserving their primitive character.

Mr. Aspinall is most intransigent about "public domain" lands administered by Mr. Udall's Bureau of Land Management, which comprise about half of the federal holdings in the continental US and almost all of Alaska. Originally, these lands were so barren or mountainous that no one wanted them. But with the passage of time and the growing land-hunger of an increasing population hundreds of parcels were sold yearly, mostly small and isolated grazing areas already under lease by the purchasers.

Mr. Udall hopes to convert some of his Department's holdings into national parks – as in Southeastern Utah – and install recreation facilities over much of the rest. Mr. Aspinall wants a "multiple use" policy with first priority for national defense, second for the necessities of life, with recreation last and least. Given such disagreement, no action is likely so long as Mr. Aspinall keeps getting reelected.

Education Stalemate

White House messages on education grow annually better as their legislative prospects grow worse. At the present rate one may look forward to some radical innovations by 1964, coupled with a Congressional refusal even to discuss, much less enact them.

For the most part the 1963 message reflects a judicious appraisal by the Administration of the needs of the educational system combined with a deliberate refusal to suggest any thorough-going changes, however necessary. For the first time federal aid is all to be used selectively, rather than for general support of state and local educational work. The President has also accepted the notion that teachers' salaries are more inadequate at the top of the scale than at the bottom. He sticks to the principle, opposed by the National Education Association, that it is important to improve secular instruction in church colleges as well as in non-denominational ones – though unfortunately this principle is not extended to elementary and secondary education.

All of this is to the good. The education-minded will approve helping young people pay their college and graduate school bills, building extra college classrooms, improving libraries, expanding educational research and teacher retraining institutes, subsidizing vocational and scientific training, and raising teacher salaries. These things could, perhaps, be done with local and state funds; but since in fact they won't be, it is hard to oppose federal action.

If one were to criticize Mr. Kennedy's presentation to Congress, it would be primarily on political not educational grounds. Congress is today convinced that education bills haven't a chance. When the President submits a group of proposals most of which died in Committee only last year Congressional apathy inevitably grows even greater. Perhaps nothing can be done to invigorate the education spokesmen. But it might have been worth trying a completely new approach, at once simple and dramatic. Suppose the President had focused his attention on a few vital points instead of spreading it over dozens of problems. He might, for instance, have asked for temporary but substantial federal aid to poor school districts, until their tax base grows sufficiently to provide adequate local support; higher top salaries for teachers who have shown distinctive abilities; and a federal guarantee that every high school graduate admitted to college will be guaranteed sufficient loans to graduate.

Such a bill would not have solved all the nation's educational problems, or even most of them. But by pointing to a few easily perceived problems, which anyone with a sense of social justice can see need remedying, it might have shifted the grounds of debate and perhaps persuaded vacillating Congressmen that aid to education was more than a process of pouring money into a bottomless pit. Of course it might not have worked; but will the present approach?

CHRISTOPHER JENCKS

No Home Rule for D. C.

The British and French have given freedom to whole empires; the Spanish are out of Morocco, the Dutch are leaving New Guinea. But the US House of Representatives clings with bitter determination to its rule over the North American continent's last colonial redoubt, the hapless and voteless District of Columbia. Five times since 1949 the Senate has passed home rule bills; none has ever cleared the House District Committee and none is likely do so so this year.

All the vices of that committee are embodied in its chairman, John L. McMillan of Florence, South Carolina. Under Mr. McMillan the District Committee has repeatedly stifled tax and borrowing bills, resulting in gross overcrowding of the city's schools and its public hospital wards. Currently, through a hail of threats, the Committee is attempting to dissuade the District Commissioners from prohibiting racial discrimination in the real estate industry, and from extending the one-way street pattern.

Mr. McMillan does not, of course, maintain this despotism single-handed. In a city where 57 percent of the population is Negro, every public question can ac-

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quire racial overtones. Nine of the 15 Democrats on the District Committee are from the South. Most of them are from rural constituencies, and the opportunity to punish the essential wickedness of the big city frequently becomes too inviting to resist. The Committee is usually supported, powerfully and very effectively, by business organizations (most notably the Washington Board of Trade) which mistrust giving the unwashed masses any substantial political power.

Last week the House leadership had a clear chance to change the character of the District Committee. The change would not have brought home rule, but it would have brought more concern and equity into the governing of the city. Four of the Democratic seats were vacant. Four Democrats with some sympathy for a modern city's requirements volunteered to serve: Mrs. Green of Oregon, Mr. Sickles of Maryland (a suburbanite of the District), Mr. Fraser of Minnesota, and Mr. Diggs of Michigan. A delegation of District Democrats called on the Speaker to plead their cause; Mr. McCormack was cordial but noncommittal. In the end the leadership accepted only by Mr. Diggs (a Negro, whose presence weakens charges of racism), and immediately balanced him with a rural Georgian, Mr. Hagan. Mr. Trimble of Arkansas and Mr. Sisk of California (neither of whom has a record of interest in urban affairs) were assigned the remaining two seats, to their great surprise and greater outrage. Both men are members of the Rules Committee, and it is a sufficiently surprising coincidence that one cannot help suspecting the deft hand of the only other man who sits on both committees: Mr. Smith of Virginia, Chairman of Rules, a friend of Mr. McMillan, and a vigorous opponent of home rule. By his control of a major committee Mr. Smith can reasonably expect a measure of influence with these two newest of his colleagues on a minor committee.

J. W. ANDERSON

FOREIGN REPORTS

A New Lover for Franco?

★ Since 1953, when Secretary of State Dulles rescued General Franco from bankruptcy, the US has given Spain more than $500 million in military aid and $1.1 billion in economic aid. In return the US got three bomber bases, a number of radar stations, a fuel depot and a huge naval base at Rota, near Gibraltar. These SAC bases have grown less and less useful as the Soviet arsenal of medium-range nuclear missiles (each capable of knocking bases out within a few minutes of an outbreak of hostilities) has grown. But the Rota naval base has been made the backbone of the Mediterranean Fleet, and is likely to become the service station for the Polaris submarines which are to replace Jupiter missiles in Italy and Turkey.

As the value of the bases diminished so did Franco's dependence on US dollars. Today he has $1 billion in the bank to meet his international obligations and is more anxious for political than for economic support. In particular, he would like a full-fledged alliance with the US. Not only would this help make him respectable, but it might help get him into the Common Market, which he wants. (Belgium and Holland are adamantly opposed to Franco, whom they, like many Americans, regard as the legatee of Hitler and Mussolini.)

Until recently the US had been cool to the alliance proposal. But now Franco's hand has been strengthened by French feelers for closer Franco-Spanish cooperation. Since de Gaulle's vision of Europe now seems to include eventual withdrawal of US forces, the French may even try to talk Franco into terminating US military rights in Spain. In return, they might promise French support for Spanish membership in the Common Market. Real or unreal, this possibility may scare American diplomats, now negotiating in Madrid to renew our base rights, into giving Franco what he wants.

North African Unity Derailed

★ He is a "simple-minded peasant, an inexperienced, excited youth," said the Tunisian President of the Algerian Premier recently. Such remarks are hardly conducive to North African unity. Nor was the accusation that Mr. Ben Bella had fomented the amateurish Christmas Eve plot against Mr. Bourguiba's life. In a bitter complaint in *Le Monde*, the Tunisian President said he could no longer have confidence in Ben Bella – nor in President Nasser – because they protected exiled members of the Tunisian opposition, thus encouraging a "handful of assassins" in Tunisia. Mr. Bourguiba made clear, however, that Ben Bella was in a different class from the Algerian people who remain "our brothers."

Bourguiba's irritation came to a boil when one of the men accused of plotting to murder him escaped from Tunis with the help of the Algerian Consul, and then took refuge in Algeria. He was sentenced to death in absentia. (Ten others have been executed for their parts in the plot.) When Algeria refused to sign an extradition agreement to cover similar embarrassments in the future, Bourguiba recalled his ambassador, as well as economic and cultural missions working with Ben Bella's government to establish closer ties between the two countries. This leaves the three Maghreb neighbors (Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia) in a state of disunity. The Moroccans have not spoken to the Tunisians since Tunisia recognized Mauretania in 1960. It was only recently that the Tunisians attempted to heal the breach

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with Algeria, created when Bourguiba disastrously supported Mr. Ben Khedda, who lost the struggle for power in Algeria to Ben Bella. Now the Moroccans are showing signs of interest in Tunisia – a somewhat better bet as a partner than Algeria – and have sent their foreign minister to Algiers to try to patch things up.

More Panic in Southeast Asia

★ The British last week sent 2,000 parachute troops to Brunei, the Borneo protectorate which was the scene of an attempted revolt last month. Now the problem is that Indonesia, which controls most of Borneo, has massed troops near the Brunei border and flown bombers overhead. Both the rebels and their Indonesian supporters oppose the British scheme for lumping Malaya and Singapore together with Sarawak and North Borneo, and Brunei into a "Malaysian Federation." British troops from the base at Singapore lost little time in quashing the revolt. But this seems only to have increased the popularity of the rebels. They are now being wooed not only by the Indonesians, who want a "confrontation" with Malaya, but the Philippines, which lie but 20 miles off the coast of Borneo and have a long outstanding claim to North Borneo.

A Philippine mission is now in London attempting to negotiate the claim, which the British do not recognize. The Philippines have proposed a substitute federation to unite Malaysia with themselves, but the British do not seem likely to be deterred from forming Malaysia, since Singapore, a key military base, is largely Chinese, and if left to its own devices might well fall to the Indonesians.

ADENAUER'S "TRIUMPH" MAY TURN INTO ANOTHER SPIEGEL AFFAIR

The Paris-Bonn Axis

Bonn

No greater paradox can be imagined than that the Franco-German Treaty of cooperation – signed in Paris with such pomp and ceremony last month – should be instrumental in helping to trigger-off the second serious crisis which Dr. Adenauer has had to face in the last three months. The Spiegel Affair was a body-blow to Adenauer's fourth Federal Government. It was totally unexpected, but perfectly explicable. The Common Market crisis in Western Germany, on the other hand, was predictable. But it has exactly coincided – and not fortuitously – with the Franco-German Treaty which the Chancellor understandably regards as the crowning achievement of his political career. And it is difficult, at least at first sight, to explain why this moment of triumph is pregnant with doubt, frustration and fear.

First, a note on the Common Market crisis in Germany, and as it affects the Federal Republic. The West German people as a whole want Britain in the Common Market and European political community. So do the three political parties, although there is still a minority in the Christian Democratic Party which would toe any line drawn for it by the Chancellor. West German industry is overwhelmingly in favor of Britain's entry. The same is true of the West German press, which has excelled itself in recent weeks by the cool, objective tone of its reporting. The demand for Britain's entry is not unanimous. There are a few Anglophobes (although not so many as there are Germanophobes in Britain). Some industries, for specific reasons, are worried by the prospect of British competition on fair terms (again, the same is true of some British industries). A few "European purists" believe that the small Europe of the Six would function better if membership were not extended to other nations. But demand for Britain's entry, if not unanimous, is pressing, popular and highly vocal.

The reasons for this are perfectly clear. Most Germans want the consolidation of the Western Alliance. Only the strength of the West, they believe, will eventually induce the Russians to allow a fair solution of the German question, meaning reunification in peace and freedom. The strength of the West is dependent on political, economic and military factors. Politically, the Germans want the closest possible association between Europe and the US. Economically, they want an extended Common Market, based on the belief in liberal trading. Militarily, they want security, and this means the unqualified acceptance of American leadership in NATO. Standing as they do in the front line of the Cold War, the Germans are more aware than any of their partners that the West has so far barely held its own in Europe, and that the danger of division in the Western ranks will hurt Germany most of all.

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General de Gaulle has made it clear to the Germans that the Franco-German Treaty of cooperation marks the end of the accepted policy of consolidating the Western Alliance. For the breakdown of the Brussels talks on Britain's entry into the Common Market was deliberately timed to coincide with the meaning of the Franco-German Treaty. Like the Jumblies ("they went to sea in a sieve, they did"), General de Gaulle planned his great adventure with singularly little forethought. But at least he realized that the emotional and sentimental lure of the Franco-German Treaty offered the only possible means of inducing the normally staid and sensible West Germans to embark with him in his cockle-shell of Gallic independence of all other friends and allies.

Since the de Gaulle bombshell, plenty of influential Germans have shown how distressed and alarmed they are. They include Vice Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, Foreign Minister Gerhard Schroeder, and – more surprisingly – the Chairman of the Christian Democratic Parliamentary Party, Heinrich von Brentano, who has always been labeled one of the Chancellor's most loyal yes-men. They include Erich Mende, the Chairman of the Free Democratic Party, and Walter Scheel, the Free Democrats' most successful Cabinet member (Minister for the underdeveloped countries), also the leaders of the Social Democratic Party and of the Trade Unions.

Hedged-in by his narrowing circle of personal advisers, Konrad Adenauer stands alone in rating Franco-German union above the common needs and interests of the whole Western Alliance. Adenauer went to Paris with a single purpose – to conclude the Franco-German Treaty. In Paris, contrary to reports which have been published in both the British and American press, he did not lift a finger to help Britain in her efforts to enter the European Community. The cat was let out of the bag when the French Minister of Information, Peyrefitte, stated on January 24 that de Gaulle and Adenauer shared an identical viewpoint over the European Community, and that it was mentioned only "by chance" and in passing during their Paris talks. Previously, the French Government had been prepared to offer tactical "cover" for Adenauer, by conniving at the bogus West German claim to have pointed out hard facts to de Gaulle. In reality, Adenauer did no more than say that he had a difficult problem to face in securing the Bundestag's ratification of the Franco-German Treaty. That was known already.

Back in Bonn, Adenauer indulged in his now familiar technique for warding off awkward questions. This technique takes the form of a mixture of arch humor, in a *Koelsch* (Cologne) accent, and Jesuitical evasion. It was employed, with equal lack of success, by the Chancellor during the Spiegel crisis. On both occasions it has made the situation worse. The Bundestag will have to hear the truth about the Paris talks before it ratifies the Franco-German Treaty. Inside Adenauer's own Christian Democratic Party there is a new spirit of revolt against this masterful old man of 87. Erhard took a bold step in announcing his firm support for Britain's entry into the Common Market one hour after the Chancellor's plane had touched down on its return from Paris at Cologne airport. And Western Germany's allies? The Belgian Foreign Minister, H. Spaak, accused de Gaulle of dictatorial methods before the Belgian Senate on January 24. The Dutch Foreign Ministry condemned the spirit of the Franco-German Treaty on the same day. Both the Vice President of the European Economic Community, Mansholt, and the Community's "spiritual father," Jean Monnet, called for Britain's admission, and for resumption of negotiations which the French had so brutally tried to break off.

One West German newspaper after another has bluntly stated that, if the Federal Republic has to choose between France and America, it must choose the latter. The primary reason for this is not political or economic, but military. Germans, even in West Berlin, have been able to sleep soundly at night as a result of American military protection. What would France have to offer if the Paris-Bonn axis were to divorce itself from American leadership under de Gaulle's promptings? So far, the French have contributed two under-equipped and under-strength divisions to the defense of the West, along with a detachment of 1,500 men in West Berlin. They have on offer a sub-Hiroshima bomb and a Mediterranean fleet which last distinguished itself in the 18th Century. They have promised to explode their first "big" bomb in 1968, and to be able by 1970 to produce equivalent nuclear warheads to those already used by Polaris. Militarily the French have nothing even half as good to offer their German partner as the 12 divisions of the Bundeswehr.

Like all men who grow too old in office, Adenauer regards himself as infallible. He has never shown any great capability of admitting himself to be wrong. This is why the French organized tactical cover for him, over the Treaty and over de Gaulle's hard and fast policy of transforming the Six into a "Third Force" and cementing the restricted, Western European economic "closed shop." Before the press, Adenauer was reduced to defending his subservience to de Gaulle with such futile phrases as "an Atlantic economic community is a thing which will not function properly." This was simply His Master's Voice, for Adenauer understands nothing about economics. The weeks ahead will show whether Adenauer has this time overreached himself. What has been shown already is that he has done Europe infinite harm by attaching himself with such scrupulous modesty to de Gaulle's coat-tails.

Terence Prittie

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De Gaulle by Twilight

The Politics of Bismarck Still Survive

by Louis J. Halle

I believe it was the historian, G. P. Gooch, who remarked about the great 19th Century statesman, Otto von Bismarck, that the fatal fault which counterbalanced all his virtues was the exclusiveness of his allegiance to his own country. The ultimate price of the German grandeur to which he devoted his life was the wreck of the Europe to which Germany was indissolubly bound. The same remark might be made about that last great statesman of the 19th Century, Charles de Gaulle. Born while Bismarck was still alive, he shares alike his greatness and his flaw.

Bismarck's nationalism belonged to his times. The statesmen of the generation that preceded his had been Europeans first, as they proved in the settlements of 1815 that followed Napoleon's defeat. Metternich, Hardenberg, Alexander of Russia, Castlereagh, and Talleyrand, all born before the French Revolution, thought primarily of Europe as a whole, of what was needed for its stability. The generation after 1848 was more concerned with competition in the development of exclusively national power – a competition that led to the European civil wars of 1914-18 and 1939-45.

These two wars, which drew in the rest of the world, constituted a lesson so severe that it could not fail to impress itself on the present, postwar generation of Europeans, just as the lesson of the religious wars had impressed itself on the generation that came after the Peace of Westphalia in 1648. The period since 1945 represents, in certain respects, a return to the period from 1648 to 1848, and consequently provides a contrast with the intervening period of unbridled European nationalism. Its statesmen have returned to the old preoccupation with the strength, the stability, and the unity of Europe.

On the opening page of his *Mémoires de Guerre*, de Gaulle recounts that all his life he has been possessed by a vision of France as providentially "dedicated to an eminent and exceptional destiny." He has been convinced that France is really herself only when she stands in the first rank among the nations. "Bref, à mon sens, la France ne peut être la France sans la grandeur." He then recounts how he absorbed from his father his sentiment of the dignity of France, and from his mother "an intransigent passion of patriotism commensurate with her religious piety." His father and mother, one must recall, belonged to the generation that emerged from France's defeat in 1871, the generation that was brought up on the embittered patriotism of Alphonse Daudet's *La Dernière Classe*, the generation that draped in black the statues in the Place de la Concorde representing the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. In his conviction that France was not France except as she manifested her greatness one may see a reflection of the passion to undo France's humiliation that dominated the generation of his parents.

If I left the matter here I would do scant justice to a man who is surely one of the world's great statesmen – at least as great as Bismarck. If de Gaulle's emotional allegiance is confined to France, his vision extends beyond it. Commenting in his memoires on the moral collapse, in 1940, of his old commanding officer, Marshal Pétain, then 84 years old, he writes: "This old soldier, who had put on the harness immediately after 1870, was disposed to regard the struggle [World War II] as merely a fresh Franco-German war. Conquered in the first, we had won the second, the war of 1914-18, no doubt with allies, but with allies who played a secondary role. Now we were losing the third. . . . In the judgment of the old marshal, the worldwide character of the conflict, the possibilities of the overseas territories, and the ideological consequences of Hitler's victories, did not enter the picture. These were not matters that he was in the habit of considering." He then adds a statement that, in addition to being moving in its context, has reverberations in the context of our present. "Old age," he writes, "is a shipwreck. So that nothing should be spared us, the old age of Marshal Pétain was to be identified with the shipwreck of France."

Does de Gaulle, in the old age which is now upon him, fall into Pétain's error (and Bismarck's error), that of a nationalism which excludes consideration of the larger setting in which the nation has its being, and on which it depends?

Ostensibly he does not. He has showed himself to be, ostensibly, a European as well as a Frenchman. He is an advocate of European union. He is jealous of Europe's place in the world. He is even conscious of something not unlike "the white man's burden" that Kipling celebrated at the turn of the century.

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One quotation is particularly revealing. In November, 1959, at a moment when Paris and Moscow were making little friendly gestures at each other, de Gaulle, as President of the French Republic, said in a press-conference: "No doubt Soviet Russia . . . recognizes that nothing can change the fact that she, Russia – a white European nation . . . – is face to face with the yellow masses of China . . . casting their eyes about them on the open spaces over which they must one day spread."

Any student of international history should recognize this language immediately, and be able virtually to assign a date to it, which is not 1959. This is the language of "The Yellow Peril" with which our fathers used to give themselves gooseflesh. It belongs exclusively to the generation of Alfred Thayer Mahan, of Theodore Roosevelt, of Joseph Chamberlain, and of Rudyard Kipling – the generation that was running things even when Charles de Gaulle was preparing for Saint-Cyr. I say "exclusively" because this language, which had so sudden a vogue about the turn of the century, then went sharply out of fashion. When Japan became a regular Western nation, when China embarked on its course of Westernization, and when the making of invidious distinctions on the basis of skin-color came to be outlawed in polite society, the language of "the Yellow Peril" was no longer heard, unless in whispers behind the barn. Yet here was the President of France, half a century later, referring to "the white Europeans" standing guard against "the yellow masses" of Asia!

Is not de Gaulle's global vision that of a Europe supreme in the world, and a France supreme in Europe? This is the great role that France must either play or not be herself.

Either Gooch or history itself may have been unfair to Bismarck. It is true that he guided Germany into a course that upset the European equilibrium and sewed the seeds of the First World War. But the War itself came only after a generation of romantic folly by his successor, Kaiser Wilhelm II, in the conduct of Germany's foreign affairs. Bismarck, in his retirement, disagreed bitterly with the immoderate policy that Wilhelm followed, and it is permissible to believe that, had he remained at the helm and in full possession of his remarkable faculties, the First World War might never have occurred.

The issue over which Bismarck opposed his successor most sharply was that of colonial policy. Wilhelm was intent on acquiring an empire in Africa, in Asia, and in the Pacific. Bismarck saw that such an empire would drain away Germany's strength, which was needed in Europe. De Gaulle, too, saw that France's involvement in Algeria was draining the strength she needed elsewhere, and being in power he could do something about it. The radical rightwing of the French Army, which opposed him, represented rather Wilhelm's romantic outlook, falsely identifying the greatness of France with empire. If there has been, in the statesmanship of the 20th Century, a veritable strong-man act, it was that of de Gaulle in overcoming this opposition and finally solving the Algerian problem in a way that Bismarck would surely have respected.

The veritable strong men in this world are not those who put on brave attitudes in public, striking their chests and indulging in gestures of immoderation. They are not the Louis-Napoleons, the Wilhelms, or the Mussolinis. They are, rather, the moderate men, the men who understand the importance of limits – the Bismarcks and the Churchills. The incident of the Ems Despatch that precipitated the Franco-Prussian War in 1870 presents itself as a parable. In that contest between a bravely posturing Louis-Napoleon and a restrained Bismarck, the strong man proved to be Bismarck. After de Gaulle's contest with France's rebellious officers we do well to identify him with Bismarck rather than, as some of his opponents have been tempted to do, with Louis-Napoleon.

My reference to de Gaulle as the last great statesman of the 19th Century is based on his vision, his aims, his outlook. His enlightened colonial policy, so far from putting this in question, might have been learned at Bismarck's knee. The real insanity of empire belongs to an age that de Gaulle, like Bismarck himself, predates: the age that began with the 1890's.

France's Chronic Weakness

Among the Gaullist paradoxes is the extraordinary strength he has been able to manifest in the representation of historically obsolete views and aspirations. This cannot be accounted for only by the strength of his character, prodigious as it is. One necessary circumstance has combined with it, and this is the nature of France's chronic weakness.

Here is a nation that nourishes the pride of a great past while standing on the threshold of a future which it is unable to face. France has never been able to adjust herself – as the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union has each done in its fashion – to the democracy of the industrial age. Since the failure of the French Revolution, the nation has never quite been able to put itself back together again. Its component social groups have been unable to establish among themselves such a consensus of outlook as is essential to the support of stable government. Consequently, since before 1789 there has been no stable government. Yet a sort of genius in the French has kept the country going through the long decades of political chaos; and, when it was about to collapse in 1917, and after it actually did collapse in 1940, outside forces by their in-

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tervention saved it or gave it the chance to recover. All the time the French have been aware of their traditional greatness, their dominant role in history, the long supremacy of the French language, the extended sway of French culture. This has made it harder to bear their successive humiliations in a revolutionized world to which the less fastidious Anglo-Saxon societies have been able to adjust with conspicuously greater success.

The humiliation of 1871 kindled the peculiar French patriotism of revindication, upon which de Gaulle's spirit was formed. By contrast, France's experiences in the 20th Century have been disillusioning and deadening. After nominally winning the First World War, the French found the fruits of victory turning to ashes in their mouths. They felt themselves deserted by their allies and as unable as ever to set a good example in the management of their domestic affairs. A paralyzing resignation to failure spread through French society as it observed with horrified fascination the rise of Hitler, so that it was morally, politically, and even militarily unprepared for the assault that it had long seen coming. The defeat of 1940, from which it was rescued in 1945, not only imposed a second great humiliation, like that of 1871, but finally left the nation in a condition of spiritual vacuity. As a national society it lived from day to day, but without an aim, without hope, with nothing to look forward to. Existentialism, which involves an essentially cynical preoccupation with the immediate present, became the rage among French intellectuals. France continued to offer the world the spectacle of farcical governments in rapid succession, each pretending to govern during its few days in office while the civil service, largely on its own, somehow managed to keep the essential national services moving. France was without unity, without continuity, and in such disarray that it began to seem normal for the streets of Paris to be filled with gendarmes who carried tommy-guns in their own defense. And since all the ailments of the body-politic that had reduced France to this condition went back over a couple of centuries, no one any longer could expect France to get over them. The future, apparently, belonged to the boorish Americans, who swarmed all over France, telling the French how they ought to order their affairs; or to the bestial Russians who threatened them from the other side. By 1958, the French society seemed on the verge of final dissolution – or, at least, of some such breakdown as the Spanish Civil War.

The Rock of the Past

Under such circumstances, if one is to restore the moribund or dying society, if one is once more to give it a purpose and the promise of a future, the only thing to do is to go back into the past and pick up the psychic threads where they had been broken or lost. If the future is blank and the present is empty, a resurrected authority must look for its basis to the norms of a nostalgically remembered childhood – the norms that, even when our rational minds have taught us to know better, continue to wear for us the aspect of eternal verities. To an Eisenhower these norms may be represented by the old oaken bucket and the proverbs learned at his mother's knee ("A penny saved is a penny earned"). To a de Gaulle they are represented by that conception of grandeur to the restoration of which the generation after 1871 had turned with a singleness of mind, a national unity, not since duplicated in French society. It is to this rock of the past that the swimmer, being swept forward against his will by the stream of history, turns and clings.

As the choice has been presented to the French people, it is this or nothing, de Gaulle or the void. Under the circumstances, to vote against de Gaulle becomes a simple act of nihilism. When he expresses his contempt for "the system of parties" that he has now supplanted, he is expressing a contempt that one may deplore in principle but that has been justified by experience. What he represents seems at least to be the lesser evil.

The vision of the past is definite as no vision of the future can ever be. Its aspect of relative certainty, as a guide, enables it to represent strength and security. Augustus Caesar rallied the demoralized Romans by having Virgil and Livy set before them, as an example, a glorified version of the Roman past.

Finally, in the external relation of France, de Gaulle has known how to seize on the one element of strength in a situation of fundamental weakness. He has known how to use the power to obstruct, which is the only power available to those who lack what is required for leadership, and he has used it to its limit in order to compel the acquiescence of other governments in his demands. This is not an uncommon device in the competitive relations among individuals. We all know the kind of person who would normally be disregarded by more important men, but who makes himself regarded by exploiting his nuisance-value. Finding that no one will listen to him otherwise, he may make them listen, and he may make himself important, by threatening, say, to raise the devil at a stockholders' meeting, or by actually doing it. Then those who would otherwise have brushed him aside are compelled to come to him as suitors, to concern themselves with his appeasement.

Neither President Roosevelt nor Prime Minister Churchill, in the crowded days of the War, was disposed to pay much attention to a refugee junior general who said he was France. He didn't have even the broken power of France behind him. He had no divisions, he could not command the French fleet. They were willing to find some place for this character in the common cause, to enlist him somewhere in the ranks,

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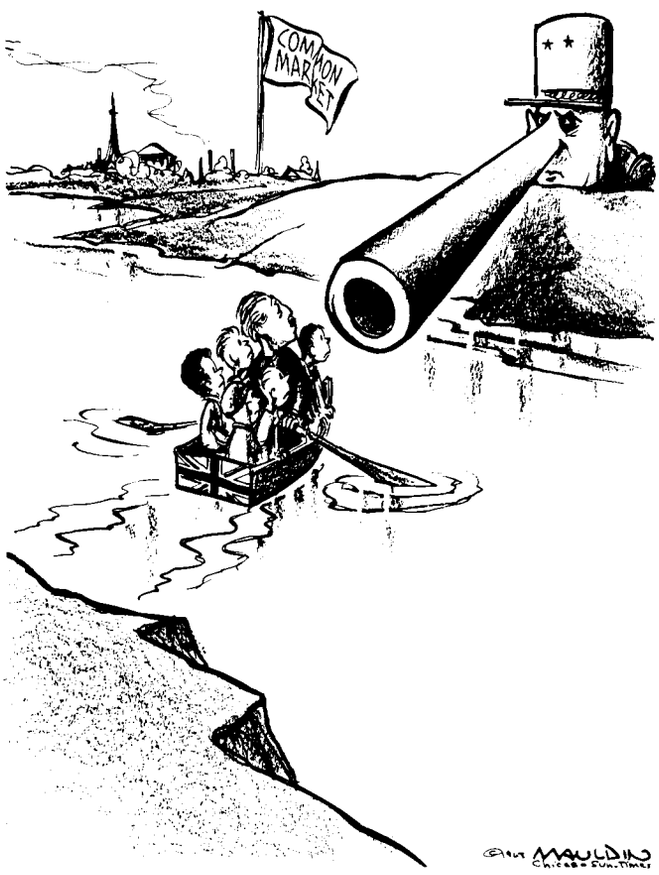
but certainly not on the basis of the equality which he claimed in the name of France. So he set himself to do the only effective thing he could do, to exploit such power as he had to obstruct, to make a nuisance of himself; with the final result that the liberation of Paris by foreign troops took place, somehow, under the auspices of his presence, which represented France presiding over her own liberation. And when the liberation had been achieved it transpired that, in spite of what Roosevelt and Churchill had originally intended, the seat of government was under his occupancy.

There has been no political *tour de force* in this century like de Gaulle's performance then and since. Now an old man, looking like an altogether different person from the slim officer of the war years, he sits supreme in the Elysée Palace and exerts his power by saying no to the great and embarrassed statesmen who come to him as suitors.

To a recent visitor he said abruptly: "I know *your* view. You know where *I* stand. There is nothing more to be said." He has this remarkable virtue; that, unlike any other statesman in the world, we all know precisely where he stands. He will continue to stand there, like a magnificent stone monument that obstructs the traffic on a main highway, for the rest of his career. History may be delayed in trying to move past him, conceivably even for a decade or more. Perhaps only his mortality, which is unaffected by his nay-saying, will at last allow it to move on.

President Kennedy has surely been right to pay no substantial price for his appeasement; not because it would not be worth such a price but because the payment would be in vain. From the first meeting of the triumvirate that would govern NATO, if de Gaulle's wishes were met, the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain would confront the brutal choice of following the wishes of France or sitting in helpless attendance on the paralysis and eventual dissolution of the alliance. The other members of the Common Market are now learning that their five votes to one are of no avail if he says to speak French.

One hopes that the old age of de Gaulle will not be identified with "the shipwreck of France," the more so because the shipwreck of France would be the shipwreck of Europe. There is something Shakespearian in his insistence on building a wholly independent nuclear "deterrent" for France, since such a "deterrent," if ever actually used within its necessary limitations (as an anti-city weapon only) and in the contingencies now foreseen, would surely involve the suicide of France and with it, very likely, the end of Europe. The "deterrent" would give France the power to set off a world-wide nuclear holocaust purely for reasons of French *mystique*. Having been shorn of her strength but having recouped it in one particular, France would stand before the Philistines, one hand on each column that



Coast Artillery

supported the common roof, threatening to bring it down on friend and foe alike. In the *mystique* of 19th Century nationalism, if one's country does not survive what does it matter that the others perish too?

I have made two remarks which together raise an implicit question: that the choice for France is an obsolete nationalism or nothing, and that history may be delayed in its progress by de Gaulle's obstruction. If France's alternative to de Gaulle is nothing, what is meant by history resuming its progress after he is out of the way? Progress in what direction?

One's clear impression is that, in Europe to begin with, history is going beyond the age of the nation-state as it has already gone beyond the age of extreme nationalism. The typical European nation-state (France) was a workable political unit in the 19th Century. It was basically self-sufficient, being able to sustain itself and to defend itself with its own resources. It was big enough and complete enough in itself to enlist the allegiance of its citizens in return for the security and the sense of majesty that it afforded them. Today it is obsolete or obsolescent in all these respects, existing only as an increasingly pitiful inheritance from the past to which it properly belongs.

In the United States, in England, in France, we may go about repeating, if we will, that sovereignty and

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dignity (grandeur) require a nation to be able to provide completely for its own defense, without having to rely on others. However, since it has become physically impossible for any of our nations to make such provision, and since it has even become ridiculous for all but three or four to make the attempt, this in itself is tantamount to saying that the days of national sovereignty are over.

There came a day when the Greek city-state no longer made sense as the basic political unit. There has now come a day when the European nation-state no longer makes sense as the basic political unit. I see no future for France as such, as a self-sufficient sovereign unit, and that is what I mean by saying that the alternative for France is nothing. But I see a future for Europe, or for the Atlantic Community, or for Western Civilization, or for World Civilization. If France is done for, or if the United States is ultimately done for, there may be greater things to take their place. This is the direction in which history is moving; and the grandeur of France, which became so poignant in the hearts of Frenchmen after Sedan, can never be more, now, than a cherished memory of what once was. The greatest nations are no more immortal than the greatest men, and I suspect that the aging de Gaulle, whom generations to come will do well to honor, is nevertheless the last of his kind.

One Million Abortions

"It's Your Problem, Sweetheart"

by James Ridgeway

Reform of the state abortion laws is not a popular cause even though these statutes result in extraordinary inhumanity when they are enforced, and lead to spurious medical practice when disregarded, as they commonly are. In practice, abortion is treated as illegal throughout the country unless the operation is undertaken to save the mother's life. This has meant that zealous hospitals have refused to abort a 14-year-old girl impregnated by her father, a woman raped on the street by a man she had never seen, a mentally defective girl coerced into intercourse and in no position to take care of a child. In none of these instances were the lives of the prospective mothers in danger.

The very stringency of the laws probably has encouraged their violation. Each year between 200,000 and one million illegal abortions are performed in the United States, an estimated 90 percent of them by doctors. (Accurate statistics are scant, but doctors who make a study of the subject believe the probable incidence is closer to one million.) By contrast, an estimated 9,000 therapeutic abortions are performed legally in hospitals each year. In theory these are all carried out under the letter of the law, but in reality abortion prosecutions are unpopular and the decision whether or not to abort is left with the hospital. Their policies, while usually restrictive, are neither uniform nor just.

Medical justifications for abortion have declined. Advances in the treatment of pregnant women suffering from lung, kidney or heart conditions have meant that many now can be brought through pregnancy successfully, whereas in the 1930's abortion might have been necessary to preserve their lives.

Some hospitals will abort for eugenic reasons, *e.g.* a woman who has German measles early in pregnancy. It has been amply demonstrated that in 15 percent or more of such cases, the child will suffer from congenital heart disease, blindness, or other malformation. On the other hand, the refusal of the Arizona courts to permit a hospital to abort Mrs. Sherri Finkbine after she had taken Thalidomide is a well-known instance o the opposition to abortion for eugenic reasons.

Abortions are more frequently granted for psychi atric reasons. Under the letter of the law, a psychiatrist must say or be prepared to say that the patient will commit suicide if she is refused an abortion. Since the incidence of suicide among pregnant women is very low, this seems a rash prediction for a scrupulous psychiatrist. (A medical examiner in New York City could not recall a single such suicide in a quarter century.)

In practice it is far easier for a woman with money to receive an abortion in a private hospital than it is for a woman without money to be aborted in a public hospital. In public hospitals officials are more prone to political pressures; in some, each abortion or attempted

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must be reported immediately to the district office. The emphasis is often on reducing the abortions each year, lest the hospital be abortion mill. Catholic hospitals generally abortions to be performed. (An operation, conceivable if the abortion should be the act of an operation to save the prospective *i.e.* the case of a malignant ovary.)

of an illegal abortion fluctuates widely and the qualifications of the doctor, the dilithe police in applying the laws, and the time during which the abortion is sought. Prosto the patient range between $350 and $1,500. abortion performed in a hospital might $200 or slightly more. If the operation before the end of the third month, it is a simple and safe procedure known as dilation As Dr. Alan Guttmacher, a leading describes it: The mouth of the womb is open, after which a curette—a small instrubling a rake—is passed into the uterus and contents scraped out. However, if the pregpassed the third month a miniature Cesarian performed. In Sweden, abortion in these later is induced by injecting a salt solution abdominal wall.

conducted between 1938-1955 of 5,293 by the Institute for Sex Research, founded Dr. Kinsey, indicated that no more than 10 of 1,667 women who had abortions had taken to induce them. The study of such drugs, they been avoided because of the moral implica- it was evident it would not be difficult to effective and safe drugs, including some to be

for reform of the laws thus far has two major groups. One is the Planned Association of America, whose concern with is long-standing. The American Law Institute group of jurists, has adopted preabortion reform as part of a model penal proposals currently are embodied in amendpending in both the Minnesota and Calilegislatures. They would permit abortion in cases pregnancy was the result of rape, incest, and in where it occurred in a minor or where it was that the mother would give birth to a mal- The statutes would be additionally broadthat the operation should a prospective physical or mental health be "gravely" imby continued pregnancy. Two physicians would the conditions.

state is the passage of these modest re- Although in California a Los Angeles Coun- called for reform. In New Hampshire the medical society had urged reform of the their abortion laws, both houses of the legislature voted last year over Catholic opposition for reform, only to have the bill vetoed by the Governor. In Illinois Catholic opposition to the abortion section of a model penal code was so strong that the section was dropped.

The American Medical Association seems to have established its position on abortion in 1871 when its Houses of Delegates approved a resolution condemning abortion except "as necessary for preserving the life of the mother and the child." At that time, however, it was worried about the increasing frequency of criminal abortion practices and during the following decade adopted a series of strong resolutions condemning doctors who performed abortions and urged society to rid itself of this evil practice. When last heard from in 1908, the Delegates refused to authorize the creation of a committee to investigate the laws pertaining to criminal abortion. A sense of delicacy and expense have prevented anyone with the exception of Dr. Kinsey from collecting statistics on the incidence of criminal abortion. The federal government appears cowed in this as in most other areas of population control.

Then there are the churches. Roman Catholics regard abortion at any stage of pregnancy as a form of murder: life begins at the moment of conception. But this does not mean that Catholics are not aborted. There is every indication that they are, and in large numbers. Moreover, in various parts of Latin America, Catholic doctors have dispensed both birth control information and mechanical birth control devices to the population in order to reduce the vast numbers of women who fill the hospitals in various states of misery after their own attempts at abortion have failed.

Sanctity for the Chaste

The opposition to abortion reform usually has less to do with religious dogma than with vaguely Puritanical traditions which influence Protestants. The practice, after all, is a white, middle-class phenomena, countenanced and paid for by the very people who make it a crime. The women of this group are left to stew in their own guilt. Their men take highly original views, never more contemporaneously expressed than by a young man quoted in the book, *The Abortionist*, by Dr. X. "Why don't you get money from the man who is the father?" says Dr. X to an 18-year-old girl who straggles into his office pregnant and without cash. "I asked him," she replied, "But he said, 'Go to hell. You're old enough to know the facts of life. It's your problem'." A variation was expressed in a cartoon in *The New Statesman* not long ago. A boy is talking to his sweetheart (obviously pregnant) at a coffee house. Says he, "Yeah, I know it's mine, but I ain't marrin' no bird wot ain't a virgin."

One might expect a helping hand from the medical

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profession. Such is seldom the case. [illegible] the doctors seek to protect their own skins [illegible] public prosecutors. However, it seems far more likely that they abide by the AMA's philosophy that [illegible] medicine can best be practiced in the [illegible]vanced circumstances of the Victorian era. By doing so, they deny many women legitimate medical counsel and, in effect, shunt them through the back door where they find other doctors who exploit them financially. These women must pay the medical profession several hundred million dollars a year to preserve its chaste veneer.

Society has adopted a somewhat more modern attitude toward abortion elsewhere in the world. In most Eastern European countries – which closely imitate the Soviet Union – abortion is legal on request through the third month of pregnancy, the safest period in which to abort. Since the mid-1950's when this legislation was adopted, the numbers of legal abortions have grown markedly. (Most of the increase undoubtedly reflects the transfer of illegal abortions to a legal status.) In Hungary the number of abortions now exceeds the number of live births. The death rate from abortion operations is extremely low, in a 1957-58 period it amounted to 15 deaths in 269,000 abortion operations, according to statistics compiled by Dr. Christopher Tietze, Director of Research of the National Committee on Maternal Health. The announced purpose for legalizing abortion in Eastern Europe and in the Soviet Union was to abolish criminal practices, and to permit the prospective mother to make a decision as to whether or not she wanted the child.

It Costs $8.75 in Japan

Japan made abortion legal on request in 1948 for women less than three months pregnant, for the specific purpose of reducing the birth rate. As a result the rate has been halved. An estimated 1.7 million abortions are performed annually, slightly more than the 1.6 million births. There is little religious opposition to abortion in Japan. Shinto, for example, does not recognize the child as a living person until it has seen the light of day. Dr. Guttmacher learned in a recent trip to Japan that 20,000 doctors are licensed to abort, and the patient pays $8.75 for the operation, most of which can be retrieved through health insurance programs.

The Scandinavian countries have adopted abortion practices less restrictive than those of the United States, but far more limited in scope than either those of Japan or East Europe. In general abortion is permitted for reasons of life or health (social and economic considerations are taken into account in the definition of health); for congenital conditions including German measles and inherited diseases; and for various humanistic reasons, *i.e.* where pregnancy results from rape, incest or other violations of the penal [illegible] The rate of abortions rose from seven per [illegible] the year of legislation, to a peak of 70 per [illegible] in 1955. Since then they have declined to about [illegible] 1,000. Abortions are permitted mid-way through [illegible] month, and this contributes to the relatively [illegible] death rate than that experienced in East Europe [illegible] per 100,000. A public health board, consisting of [illegible] lors, sociologists and social workers, among [illegible] makes the decision for or against abortion in [illegible] dividual case. These laws, however, have [illegible] tially reduced the number of criminal abort[illegible]

It seems likely that the United States will [illegible] albeit slowly, in the direction of the Scandinavian [illegible] The idea of a hospital board deliberating and [illegible] the decision for or against abortion is gaining [illegible] ity. For one thing, it takes the pressure off [illegible] doctor. If the state laws were broadened to [illegible] abortion where the penal code was violated [illegible] instances where the health of the mother was [illegible] threatened, such hospital boards would have [illegible] erably more latitude to judge. This would, [illegible] necessitate the medical professions taking a [illegible] what broader view of health, which all too often [illegible] to be interpreted where abortion is concerned [illegible] the mother's sheer physical stamina to survive [illegible]

Even should these mild reforms be passed by [illegible] state legislatures, and the medical profession [illegible] its present limited perspectives, the incidence of [illegible] abortion is unlikely to decline unless the medical [illegible] fession also adopts a more tolerant attitude [illegible] birth control. And even then a decline is far from [illegible] sured. We know perfectly well that young women [illegible] pre-marital sexual relations, and society encourages [illegible] young married women to attempt to have female [illegible] careers at the same time. Such women finding themselves pregnant, will and do seek abortions, illegal if necessary. The emotional and psychological [illegible] cussions in certain instances are no doubt severe. Stories of the horrors of abortion, comprise a [illegible] body of literature. The Kinsey study showed, however, that three-quarters of the women interviewed who had abortions reported no unfavorable after-effects. Social consequences were slightly more severe among unmarried than among married.

At current estimates, one out of every four pregnancies in the United States is terminated by abortion. National figures of deaths due to abortion are not compiled, but it seems unlikely that these exceed 1,000. Perhaps 200,000 illegal abortions are performed annually in New York City alone. Last year 200 died in New York from abortion; 8,000 patients were treated in city hospitals for self-induced, incomplete abortions. (These often are begun with coat hangers, knitting needles, or other objects which women jab into themselves.) The deaths, together with the large [illegible]

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...talized, obviously constitute a large ...blic ..., which New York has been nece... ... The police have taken a slightly sti... ...d abortionists, and carried out seve... ...ell ...ck-downs. The Health Department ... ...ing out flyers on the dangers arisin... ... abortion, particularly in the slum a... ... and the Lower East Side. But ... ... "You can't tell a gid she's going ... ... life from an abortion when all sh... ... is far more feasible and kinder to p... ... hospitals in Puerto Rico or els... ... ...ions can be performed cheaply and ...ly.

(to those who desire them) through financial support to clinics across the country. It could sponsor studies to determine the incidence, cause and effect of abortion in the country. It can scarcely expect volunteers from the National Service Corps to function as social workers in New York City and elsewhere, without facing up to these problems.

It is probably too much to hope that the medical profession can be lured off the fence in support of abortion reform in California and Minnesota or elsewhere. However, if the state legislators could screw up their courage, the few doctors who must deal with this problem might feel encouraged to put up a stiffer

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Businessmen, remembering five years of slack demand and excess capacity, were cautious in appraising the prospects of future expansion.

This caution continues, despite more liberal depreciation allowances and the investment tax credit (which have added $2 billion annually to the cash flow of business and increased the profitability of new investments by 20 percent). Last year's measures will only become fully effective, the Report argues, when capacity is more fully utilized than it has been in the past five years. The stimulus for this greater utilization is expected to come from the personal tax cuts.

Some rise in investment will take place as over-all demand increases. But can we expect a boom in private investment? For it is a boom, similar to that of which is required, at least of the order of the 1955-57 capital boom. Consider the following figures: the gap between what we could produce at full employment and what we are producing is estimated by the Report at between $30 and $40 billion. The total net personal tax cut is $8 billion (11 billion minus reform measures) which could multiply into $15 billion of additional consumption. The gap is then reduced to $15-$25 billion. To fill this gap $8-$12 billion of increased investment is needed which could then be multiplied into $15-$25 billion of final demand.

The Not So Noble Experiment

Where will this investment come from? Our present rate of investment is fairly high now, even if the Report finds it inadequate. But because of rapid gains in technology, the private capital requirements for maintaining an expanding productivity have been steadily declining for several decades. For example 1947-1957 is often considered a period of capital boom. But business investment relative to total output was lower than in 1929, and the trend is definitely downward as the Report clearly shows.

What is also disturbing is that while the federal government is engaging in the Noble experiment of coaxing the businessman out of his supposed lethargy, it is neglecting the basic social needs of society. There ought at least to have been discussion of the alternatives to the tax program, namely increased federal expenditure on education, urban renewal and so on, which have high capital requirements. The President has said again and again that social welfare programs are "imperative." By having put so much emphasis on the tax package for the next two or three years the President has effectively precluded any large-scale action on these needs.

Mr. Kennedy's program for lifting the rate of grow h is long-run, and for that one should be grateful. In the past there has been an obsession with the immedi te future, everyone fixing his eyes on the curre ness indicators and worrying about the next p the business cycle. This myopia has been e difficult to remedy, and the President has at le a beginning. It would have been better, howev Economic Report had gone into the long-run more thoroughly, and talked about the long-run c ve face, about the kinds of growth the nation One thing the Council of Economic Advisers co done would be to draw up the long-run Executi for expenditures in the various sectors of the e so that Congress and the public could see wh were buying. This would have had the additio of providing estimates of federal expenditur say, the next five years which could have assist ness investment planning immeasurably. On most important steps that could be taken in to private investment is to give businessm fairly good clues to what may be expected in the f The long-run Executive program for the ec still difficult to see. Last year the President arg flexible tax policies were the essential measure t required for the economy. This year's essential m is a tax cut and reform; what may come next hard to say. We should have had a clearer ind of where we were to go after the tax cut.

On the whole the President's program, includ tax reforms, is unimaginative. That would hav more palatable if the discussion had considered possible measures and explained why they wer carded. One is left wondering whether such mat the limits to the possible role of private inve and structural unemployment of labor were tak account, or whether our good Keynesians were to cope with structural problems.

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End of the Manned Bomber

Kennedy Faces an Air Force Revolt

by Raymond D. Senter

uring the next few weeks Congressional leaders of oth parties will be putting some sharp questions to the ecretary of Defense and Air Force officials about basic ilitary policies of the Kennedy Administration, and particular the future role of strategic bombers. Mr. Namara, for the defense, will assure Congress that e decision to scrap Skybolt has not adversely affected e useful life or the role of the present B-52 and B-58 mber fleet. In retaliation, there will be heated charges ch as the one made recently by former Air Force hief of Staff, General Thomas D. White, who said in *ewsweek* magazine that the Skybolt decision "is part a Department of Defense determination to kill the nned bomber. This has been the ambition of various ments since the days of Billy Mitchell and it seems se to accomplishment now." (Though critics like hite talk of the "manned bomber," they should more ccurately talk of the "strategic bomber." The Administration is seeking to increase the number of tactical bombers available for limited non-nuclear warfare.)

When the smoke clears, it will turn out that the real threat to the strategic bomber comes from the remarkable advances that have taken place in air defense technology since World War II, rather than from any arbitrary decisions in the Pentagon. Both the US and the USSR have developed surface-to-air and air-to-air missiles, some with nuclear warheads, which are guided to their targets by radar or by infrared energy emitted by the bomber's jet engines. These anti-aircraft missiles have remarkable accuracy and a high kill-probability, at least under peacetime demonstration conditions. But by the late 1950's, it was clear that for SAC bombers to reach targets in the USSR they would first have to clear out enemy air defenses, with heavy losses.

To cope with this new situation, the Air Force hurriedly contracted with North American Aviation to develop a missile which could be carried under the wings of its B-52 bombers and launched against enemy defenses while the bombers still were several hund d miles away – hopefully beyond range of the antiraft missiles and shorter-range interceptors. The sile that was developed, known as the Hound Dog, has a range of about 500 miles, flies at supersonic speed and carries a small nuclear warhead. It has been operational with the SAC fleet for more than a year.

But the threat to the Air Force in the late 50's came not only from an expanding Soviet air defense but from the US Navy's Polaris submarines. Polaris had a slightly smaller explosive yield and less accuracy than the land-based ICBM's developed by the Air Force in this period, but it had the exclusive advantage of mobility and security, hidden in the vast reaches of the ocean.

The Air Force had an answer to that too. It conceived its own "Airborne Polaris," the Skybolt, which could be carried and launched from late model B-52s. By 1960, when the Skybolt missile program got under way, the weapon was to have a range of about 1,000 miles, allowing SAC's B-52 to launch the missile from far beyond the range of both Soviet anti-aircraft missiles and interceptor aircraft. In addition to having twice the range of the Hound Dog, the Skybolt's warhead (which separates from the rocket booster after launch) would present a much smaller-size target and enter at speeds of 5,000 to 10,000 mph, making it less vulnerable than Hound Dog to enemy air defenses. So the claim went.

The inherent technical difficulties of launching a ballistic missile into an accurate trajectory from a 600-mile-an-hour bomber, as well as the delays and cost overruns which plagued the program almost from its inception, were widely detailed in the press in the aftermath of the Skybolt crisis; they need not be repeated here. But one important factor in McNamara's decision to cancel Skybolt has not generally received enough emphasis. This is that the Skybolt could have no longer operational lifetime than the B-52 bombers which were to carry and launch it. To obtain maximum payload and range, military aircraft are designed with less safety factor than a commercial airliner. This means that they experience structural fatigue faster. Already some of SAC's B-52s are undergoing repair and modification because of such fatigue. Every delay in the Skybolt missile program chipped away another chunk of its already limited operational lifetime. The missile could not be used on the 2,000 mph RS-70 because the Skybolt was not designed to be carried or launched at such speeds.

Cost-effectiveness studies made by the Pentagon showed that the primary Skybolt mission – clearing out

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YMOND D. SENTER *is a pseudonym for a well-known ilitary analyst.*

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a path in enemy air defenses for SAC bombers – could be performed more accurately and less expensively using Minuteman and Polaris missiles. Where Skybolt could not be operational for at least several years, Polaris and Minuteman are available today. Additionally, both would retain their military value long after the B-52 becomes air-weary.

In the debate that is about to break open, we shall no doubt hear the Administration castigated for prematurely shifting its reliance to ballistic missiles. The critics will play down the fact that the Skybolt, which they concede is the only way to save the strategic bomber, is itself a ballistic missile. The truth is that technological progress has made it difficult for the strategic bomber to penetrate enemy air defenses as a first-strike weapon. The only real question is whether enemy air defenses can best be cleared out with missiles launched from bombers, submarines or hardened underground silos.

Other critics will charge that the Pentagon is unwise to rely so heavily on ballistic missiles which are "unproven" in combat. Fortunately, however, our present bomber fleet is itself unproven. In event of a thermonuclear war, bombers would have to fly through clouds of nuclear radiation for minutes or hours with the serious risk that this radiation would knock out the electronic navigation and radar equipment upon which the bomber depends entirely to reach and bomb its targets. Radiation from our single high-altitude Project Starfish nuclear test shot last July 9 knocked out the electronics in most US satellites, including Telstar. Even if one discounts these hazards, moreover, it is hard to argue that Skybolt is more proven than Minuteman or Polaris. Quite the contrary is the case.

Before the Senate and House Armed Services Committees had even begun hearings, inspired stories were appearing in the press, alleging that the Administration is putting all its strategic eggs in the ICBM basket. This is not so. For the next five years or more the US will have a broader spectrum of strategic weapon delivery systems than it has ever had. During most of this decade the US will have a fleet of nearly 700 B-52s and supersonic B-58s, and a sizable number of A3Js (a supersonic carrier-based bomber). In addition to several hundred Atlas and Titan missiles, the numbe Minuteman missiles will grow to 950 and the inven of Polarises will rise to about 656.

If these numbers seem modest compared to the fle of World War II, it should be pointed out that a sin B-52, armed with a 20-megaton thermonuclear w head, carries the equivalent of more than 10 times weight of all bombs dropped by all Allied bombers Germany during World War II. A single Minutema with a warhead yield of about one megaton, is equiv alent to six times the weight of all the bombs droppe on Japan during World War II!

Proponents of the strategic bomber, and they include such powerful legislators as Senators Goldwater and Symington, suggest that the 2,000 mph speed of the as yet unproven RS-70 will enable it to penetrate existing Soviet air defenses and that it therefore should b produced in quantity. While such speeds would unques tionably complicate the task of Soviet air defenses their argument overlooks the considerable Soviet effor to develop a defense against ballistic missiles. The extremely long-range radars and ultra-high-speed interceptor missiles being developed for ICBM defense would make short work of the relatively large, slow-moving RS-70.

Defense officials undoubtedly will be asked what we would do if the Soviets should succeed in developing an effective defense against our ICBMs and/or against our Polaris submarines. Their response is expected to be that the US already has spent several billion dollars on ICBM defense and anti-submarine defense, without any very adequate results. If the Soviets should do better, strategic bombers are hardly likely to save the day, for without missiles to take out Soviet air defenses the bombers cannot get through. Furthermore, we already are developing "penetration aids" for our own ICBMs, such things as decoys and jammers, to help them confuse an enemy missile defense radar. Despite the logic of such arguments, this year is likely to bring one of the most outspoken attacks by a military service on the basic policies of its civilian bosses since shortly after the end of World War II, when the Navy waged its campaign against the Air Force's B-36 and indirectly against the Truman Administration.

In the January issue of *Air Force Magazine* which speaks authoritatively, if unofficially, for top Air Force officers, the RS-70 is referred to as "dead" and a less than spirited defense is made for the Skybolt. Nevertheless, the feature story by the magazine's chief editor, entitled "Strategic Retreat from Reality," harshly attacks the Administration's plans to bolster limited warfare, non-nuclear military strength. Here is where the Air Force and its hard-core of Congressional supporters will take their stand. Fevers will run high. The Air Force believes it is fighting for its life.

COMING: *"Tempest in a Gallery"* by Abraham Brumberg

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The Politics of the Dead Center

Immobilism as Theory

by Oscar Gass

> *All, all of a piece throughout;*
> *Thy chase had a beast in view;*
> *Thy wars brought nothing about;*
> *Thy lovers were all untrue.*
> John Dryden

About a year ago, I was groping for a single word with which to characterize the domestic politics of the United States in the past fifteen years. Then, sinning as others have, I imported the word, an *Immobilism*. But this importation perhaps denigrates needlessly the resources of the American language. A politics of *Immobilism* is a politics on *dead center*. Our American speech will do.

Rationalism in Politics
by Michael Oakeshott
(Basic Books; $6.50)

Moreover, we had better spoil the rhythm of epigram for even the tiniest gain of truth: our American *Immobilism* has not been devoid of microscopic political and social movements, either during the second Truman administration, or in the eight years of the Great Crusade, or in these first two years of the New Frontier. What I call the *dead center* of our domestic politics is not quite dead; a sensitive touch can detect a faint pulse.

Further, we capriciously isolate ourselves from the spirit of our time if we assume, without self-conscious decision, that a politics on *dead center* is among the less desirable of political systems. Only in those minds where courage and hopefulness of the better clearly outweigh disillusion and fear of the worse does there arise a genuine and deep-seated presumption against *Immobilism*. Our age finds no such clear outweighing. On the contrary, they are perhaps distinctively the children of *this* hour who feel deeply that a political constellation on *dead center* – if only it could be sustained – is the one they would dearly welcome, as most compatible with personal enjoyments and indeed with whatever is now attainable of the sweetness of life. "Stay, thou art so fair."

This warm regard for a political regime of the *dead center* is also by no means an exclusively American phenomenon. Look abroad to all economically-advanced, non-Communist countries, and send memory back to the years of the success of the Marshall Plan and then to the death of Stalin. Everywhere, in these societies similar to the American, the subsequent political and social development is broadly the same. Communism is rejected and impotent – a sore in France and Italy, elsewhere an inconsequence. Much that in 1914 would have been called socialism or social democracy has already been absorbed. The prevailing socialisms differ from the prevailing non-socialisms by a nuance. (This nuance is slightest in western Germany, once the classic home of Marxism and now the geographic frontier with Communism.) Private property enjoys a freedom from serious political challenge quite without parallel since World War I. Redistribution of income, wealth and power – through progressive taxation and the dissolution of concentrated industrial organizations – is more advertised than practiced. In comparison with the 1930's, and still more in comparison with 1914, personal incomes have risen drastically, and, with that advance, has come a much wider range of personal enjoyments and contentments. Yet the moral impulse toward Community (or Fraternity) gains ground slowly; everywhere, at the powerless margins of society, there are Strangers to the City: one hundred years after Emancipation, the Negro has not yet become an American, but also one hundred years after Unification the Sicilian is not yet an Italian. Perhaps at no previous time, since the American and French revolutions of the 18th Century, have conflicts over domestic political and social arrangements, in these economically-advanced and non-Communist countries, been so limited and so quiescent. *Tout comme chez nous.*

There is, I think, great potential gain from endeavoring, self-consciously and deliberately, to understand the social and political character of the time in which we live. And we may reasonably expect serious political writers to help us in this effort of understanding.

Mr. Michael Oakeshott was founder and editor of *The Cambridge Journal*. He is now a Professor of Politics in the University of London. And his publisher describes him as "Britain's leading conservative political thinker." I do not wish to controvert this description. But I do wish to inquire, "What light does this eminence cast on the character of British conservative political thinking today?"

Readers of political literature may recall Mr. Oakeshott as responsible for a collection of documents, which appeared in 1939, under the title *The Social and Political Doctrines of Contemporary Europe*. To that collection, Mr. Oakeshott contributed an Introduction of some dozen pages – not perhaps very penetrating but, at some points, quite revealing. He found the great cleavage in contemporary political doctrines to be "... between those which hand over to the arbitrary will of a society's self-appointed leaders the planning of its entire life and those which not only refuse to hand over the destiny of a society to any set of officials but also consider the whole notion of planning the destiny of a society to be both stupid and immoral." These sharp dichotomies and supercharged adjectives – stupid, immoral – do not perhaps advance our understanding, but they do give us a taste of Oakeshott's style of political discourse. And

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this taste is filled out, a little more, when Oakeshott assures us that, among contemporary political doctrines, both Catholicism and Liberalism are happily free of the "pretentious ignorance" of assuming responsibility for "planning the destiny of a society." Not perhaps invulnerable theology or philosophy, but a style of discourse – and already in 1939.

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." The more recent Oakeshott is still the man of 1939; he still mixes arsenic with his old lace. In 1946 he wrote: ". . . politics, we know, is a second-rate form of human activity, neither an art nor a science, at once corrupting to the soul and fatiguing to the mind, the activity either of those who cannot live without the illusion of affairs or those so fearful of being ruled by others that they will pay away their lives to prevent it." The great gentleman disdains the grubbing politician. In his 1962 book, elegant boredom – or its affectation – is the dominant tone. If he makes an argumentative point, he prefers to illustrate it by an anecdote from the Chinese. And if he tells us that men accept death because death is inescapable, he adds "as Rochefoucauld says." Machiavelli, he informs us, wrote a crib for the nouveau riche of politics: "The well-established hereditary ruler, educated in a tradition and heir to a long family experience . . . knew how to behave." And he rejects what he calls the "rationalist" idea of careers open to talents; two generations of practice, he tells us grandiloquently, are the minimum necessary for a learned profession. (A new entrant therefore presumably has the not inconsiderable obstacle of beginning with the second.) But the Oakeshott of 1962 is also not free of quite another tone. So we find him declaiming: "With eyes focused on distant horizons and minds clouded with foreign clap-trap, the impatient and sophisticated generation now in the saddle has dissolved its partnership with its past and is careful of everything except its liberty." I would not have believed that a conservative British gentleman – and a University Professor – could so successfully slip into a voice indistinguishable from the accents of an American Know-Nothing.

In 1946 Professor Oakeshott wrote an Introduction of some sixty pages to a new edition of the *Leviathan* of Thomas Hobbes. And, of the ten essays now collected in *Rationalism in Politics*, the longest and most serious is again one entitled "The Moral Life in the Writings of Thomas Hobbes." Clearly Oakeshott regards Hobbes as a great exemplar of his own style of conservative politics, just as he explicitly rejects the more usual figure of Edmund Burke. Why?

There is an initial hurdle (and Oakeshott treats this obstacle by not mentioning it): Hobbes is the very paradigm of that rationalism in politics which it is otherwise Oakeshott's first purpose to decry. The rationalist in politics is, for Oakeshott, the man who believes in the creative efficacy of abstract ideas, who has no feeling for history, and who is deficient in appreciation of the non-rational continuities of community life. Now this rationalist scarecrow may be an unkind figure of Thomas Hobbes (whom, as a personality, I confess I warmly admire), but it is not an entirely inaccurate one. Professor George H. Sabine, who knows well the period of the British civil wars, remarks, "The actual motives which sway men in civil life were largely opaque to Hobbes, and his interpretation of the characters of his contemporaries was often grotesque. . . . Hobbes' account of the civil wars in his *Behemoth* makes them a strange mixture of villainy and wrong-headedness. The clarity of his political system had nothing to do with understanding human nature in politics."

Alas, Hobbes was not only personally deficient in ability to observe and to learn from experience. He also systematically disparaged the value, to political behavior, of what can be learned from experience. In the *Leviathan*, Hobbes says: "The skill of making, and maintaining commonwealths, consisteth in certain rules, as doth arithmetic and geometry; not, as tennis-play, on practice only. . . ." And when he wrote of the civil wars, after they were over, he again rejected the value of practice and asserted the claims of theory. The "diligence and natural wit" of members of Parliament might be good enough, he thought, for managing private affairs, but in politics what is needed is ". . . infallible rules and the true science of equity and justice." No serious political writer has ever advanced a more sweeping claim than that of Hobbes to reduce the sound practice of politics to infallible rules.

But there is an even more serious difficulty with Hobbes as an exemplar of political conservatism. This obstacle is his moral philosophy. The novel element in Hobbesian moral theory has been variously named – moral skepticism, amoralism, moral nihilism, or moral individualism. (Oakeshott calls it "the morality of individuality.") Most of us have always regarded Hobbes as inconsistent in his moral theory and in his moral foundation of political obligation. Hobbes, we think, puts forward an ethical hodge-podge, partly a novel amoralism and partly the

Petits Chevaux: The Twenties

I

Harry Crosby one day launched the Bedroom Stakes –
Frivolity out in front, Fidelity overtaken by Concubine.
The play was fast, the bets were high. Who lost? Who won?
Green baize drank the tilting shadows of the sun,
And Death left the players' goblets brimming with blood-red wine.

II

Scott Fitzgerald organized the Crack-up Stakes –
The horses galloped ahead; victrola records turned.
He downed his drink and wrote; wife Zelda whirled and swayed;
The goblets shattered, but the words survived Time's raid,
And Zelda danced on madly till the asylum burned.

WILLIAM JAY SMITH

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older moral philosophy of the West. (Oakeshott calls this older philosophy either "the morality of community ties" or "the morality of the common good" – and he sneers at both.) Hobbes is, for us, The Inconstant Amoralist – as Spinoza is the constant one.

In 1946 Oakeshott found no inconsistent and dual moral argumentation in Hobbes. On the contrary, he warned, "There has been a deplorable overconfidence about the exposure of faults in Hobbes' philosophy." Sixteen years have passed, and Oakeshott has apparently studied his Hobbes again. In 1962 he does agree that Hobbes ran together two strikingly different strands from contradictory moral theories. How did this happen? Why, Oakeshott explains, much of the time Hobbes was spoofing! "In short," he says, "if we have to choose between an explanation of the more important discrepancies in Hobbes' writing in terms of mere confusion or an explanation in terms of artful equivocation, I think the probability lies with the latter." But Oakeshott also adds, "I do not suppose that this account of Hobbes' thoughts on obligation will commend itself to everyone, and in the nature of the case it cannot be demonstrated to be true."

Note carefully. It is when Hobbes asserts a "morality of community ties" or a "morality of the common good" that Oakeshott finds him to be spoofing. The "morality of individuality" reflects Hobbes' genuine conviction. And it is on this presumed rock of moral individualism that Oakeshott would build the house of political conservatism.

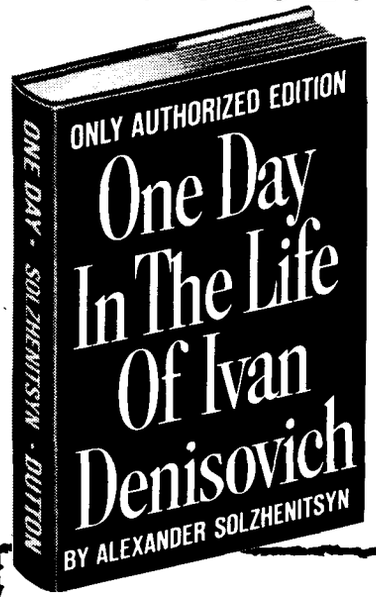
Oakeshott's individual is (like the man of Hobbes') inescapably isolated. He lives and dies alone – in the company of his private images and private values. "Man," he says, "is, by nature, the victim of solipsism; he is . . . distinguished by incommunicability." And again, ". . . it follows from our conception of the character of the individual and his felicity that one man can promote the felicity of another only negatively by forbearance, not positively by activity." And still again ". . . there is no such thing as a common felicity." Burke, whom one might otherwise have anticipated to be one of Oakeshott's esteemed forebears, is out of the company on this ground alone. (But Pascal is *in*.) Burke's accent is not on the ultimate loneness of the individual soul: he held to the community of men and a common good.

I do not disparage what Professor Oakeshott has written concerning personal isolation. If it makes refractory material for a political conservatism, he is not to be blamed for that: he did not make the world. And Oakeshott is greatly to be respected for not having speciously manufactured a jolly company of equally communing spirits, which he does not see. He does not laboriously rehearse the argumentation of lone individuality, but he adequately evokes its imagery. He is faithful to his own vision – even if that vision is a nightmare.

Shielded in peace by the great Leviathan, but isolated in felicity from all other men, what is the solitary individual to do? Why, of course, he is to do business and make money! The transition from an elegiac moral individualism (enjoying private images) to an extroverted economic individualism (earning money) is so quick as to make one's head swim. This was already characteristic of Hobbes, who in his chapter "Of the Liberty of Subjects" found the true abode of individual freedom in the liberty of individuals ". . . to buy, and sell, and otherwise contract with one another; to choose their own abode, their own diet, their own trade in life, and institute their children as they themselves think fit; and the like." Oakeshott is of like mind. Therefore he tells us, with great assurance, ". . . the main (perhaps the only) specifically economic activity appropriate to government is the maintenance of a stable currency." In the contest of society, he says repeatedly, Government is to be an impartial, bored, relaxed, ironical umpire, and, "An 'umpire' who at the same time is one of the players is no umpire." For Oakeshott's final political wisdom is that ". . . governing is a specific and limited activity, namely the provision and custody of general rules of conduct, which are understood, not as plans for imposing substantive activities, but as instruments enabling people to pursue the activities of their own choice."

In an earlier generation, Justice Holmes had to admonish his colleagues that it was not the purport of the Fourteenth Amendment of the American

Why didn't Khrushchev destroy this book?



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Constitution to enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's, *Social Statics*. The same economic individualism is not rendered the more acceptable for having now been found, by Professor Oakeshott, to have the even higher validity of being all that is compatible with "the specific and limited activity" of governing.

Communist propaganda, at its crudest, describes the non-Communist governments of the West as consisting of mere executive committees, which act on behalf of the ruling capitalist masters. In such description, historic fidelity is quite lost. But, studying Professor Oakeshott, I could not avoid this question: Is not his achievement of fidelity to history even less than that of vulgar Marxism?

I am reading Oakeshott's pages in a city where the Congress of the United States has now assembled and is organizing itself for the work of government, and he tells me, "The image of the ruler is the umpire whose business is to administer the rules of the game, or the chairman who governs the debate according to known rules but does not himself participate in it." I cannot see this image in men governing – not even in judges, much less in legislators or executives. Oakeshott's formulation is a Confucian fable, equally useless in exposing the nature of the government of ancient China, modern America, or any other government that has been or can be among men. Professor Oakeshott makes heavy humor of the perverse rationalists who designed the garb of bloomer girls in accordance with abstract ideas. But, if vicious rationalism consists in separating an element from its inherent relationships, Professor Oakeshott himself turns out to be a perverse rationalist. Scratch this theorist of political conservatism, and one finds a myth-making utopian.

Oakeshott's utopia is one of political passivism. But he has first to create a society that will be passive – one where conduct will be in accordance with habit and ritual. (Similarly, the Leninist utopians wish the State to wither away, but for that they have first to strengthen the State and destroy all enemies.) Oakeshott shares the conclusion of Hayek's *Road to Serfdom*, but he desires these conclusions to prevail not as ideas but as ritualistic habits; therefore, in the end, he is condemnatory of Hayek's approach: "A plan to resist all planning," he says, "may be better than its opposite, but it belongs to the same style of politics." Alexander Hamilton is, for Oakeshott, a febrile rationalist ideologue – like all 18th Century Americans.

But the evil roots of rationalism and turbulence lie much further back. In one place, Oakeshott limits the corruption to five centuries, saying: ". . . if he were to judge by our conduct during the last five centuries or so, an unprejudiced stranger might plausibly suppose us to be in love with change, to have an appetite only for innovation and to be either so out of sympathy with ourselves or so careless of our identity as not to be disposed to give it any consideration." But five centuries is mere temporizing: unless we turn the roll of time back more than 2,000 years, we shall not come to the point where deliberate reason poisoned the wells of habitual nature. Alas, says Oakeshott: ". . . the moral inheritance of western Europe, both from the classical culture of the ancient world and from Christianity, was not the gift of a morality of habitual behaviour, but of a moral ideology." The classical world strayed first: "In that Greco-Roman world, old habits of moral behaviour had lost their vitality. . . . Moral self-consciousness itself became a virtue; genuine morality was identified with 'the practice of philosophy'." And, by the third century, Christianity too was poisoned: ". . . a Christian habit of moral behaviour (which had sprung from the circumstances of Christian life) was swamped by a Christian moral ideology, and the perception of the poetic character of human conduct was lost."

How revolutionary an enterprise it is, in Oakeshott's terms, to be a political conservative! How much of historic Western culture stands in the way!

Among civilized men, religion may begin in conventional practice and ritual delight; it may then be seconded by an emotion-charged awareness of the extraordinary and holy; but finally it either acquires reinforcement from reflective belief or dissolves into skepticism. The glorification of mere habit and ritual – and the related effort to freeze performance, sentiment and thought – ends in denial and dissolution. The infancy of mankind can not be conserved. And the course of political behavior, sentiment and thought describes an arc not wholly dissimilar to that of religion. Oakeshott might well have taken warning. But instead, he chooses a politics of habit and ritual, cleaves to this one and will have no other.

It is only perverse rationalism, Oakeshott tells us, to be guided in politics by deliberate objectives, chosen ends, general policies or moral principles. How then are we to be guided? Why, says Oakeshott, by "abbreviations," "abridgements" or "intimations" from actual habit and practice. But the first characteristic of an "abbreviation" or of an "abridgement" of actual conduct or practice is that it is in the indicative. (An "intimation" is more mythopoetically animistic. Perhaps it collects evidence by methods comparable to those of Wordsworth in his *Ode* on *Intimations of Immortality*.) An abbreviation or abridgement will tell us what people have been doing in politics; it cannot tell us what we *ought* to do. (And, though poets dream, facts without val-

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Down into loutland the romantic plunged
With as much of literacy expunged
As he could manage. He found the data
For successive visions of natural man.
He constructed his sub-substrata.
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He imitated in their savage splendor.
He became a ring bug and a football fan.
He rode a motorcycle and talked lower level.
The exhaust he breathed smelled primeval.

RALPH ROBIN

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ues do not "intimate" conduct.) No succession of propositions in the indicative will produce a proposition in the imperative. And yet Oakeshott might acknowledge all this: he does not explicitly deny validity to moral norms; he only suggests such denial.

He prepares the way with a potion of erroneous history, in which he asserts that "genuinely philosophical writing about politics" has always been designed "not to recommend conduct but to explain it." Unless we are to deny the title of philosopher to most of the principal figures in western philosophic thought, from Plato to Kant and beyond, this assertion of Professor Oakeshott's must be stigmatized as quite unfactual. But it leads on to worse. For, now supposedly joined in respectable historic company by his erroneous assertion, Oakeshott takes courage to inform us that "... the intimations of government are to be found in ritual, not in religion or philosophy ..." and, further, that "... at most, an ideology is an abbreviation of some manner of concrete activity." But, just as clearly as we know – in despite of Professor Oakeshott – that it was the purpose of Plato and Kant to find and recommend right conduct in politics, so we know that a political ideology – sound or unsound – is no mere abbreviation. It may, in part, summarize, but it also subtracts, adds and reshapes; it displaces, replaces and transforms. By no stretch of linguistic legerdemain can this process of analysis, valuation and judgment be called "abbreviation." Is Professor Oakeshott crying down Rationalism to cry up improvised superstitions?

Yet even the most severe critic of the politics of moral skepticism, as expounded by Professor Oakeshott, could hardly have gone so far, in reducing his system to vacuous motion, as Oakeshott does himself. He says, in what is truly the climactic paragraph of the book:

> "In political activity, then, men sail a boundless and bottomless sea; there is neither harbour for shelter nor floor for anchorage, neither starting-place nor appointed destination. The enterprise is to keep afloat on an even keel; the sea is both friend and enemy; and the seamanship consists in using the resources of a traditional manner of behaviour in order to make a friend of every hostile occasion."

What a snare colorful language can be!

As Morris R. Cohen once observed caustically, it is not a race – nor any other kind of meaningful activity – in which runners, track, finish line and judges are all simultaneously in motion, in relation to each other, but not in accordance with any rule or any determinate principles. Professor Oakeshott has not even, I think, the logical right to say "on an even keel." If he has no norms for political action, how can he give a meaning to "an *even* keel"? Is it not true, therefore, that for him to use the phrase "an *even* keel" is unmeaning rhetoric or sophistry? And why keep alive – afloat? Professor Oakeshott's seems the most arbitrary and poverty-stricken of moral absolutisms, which, born of skepticism, ends by capriciously setting up mere life – mere keeping afloat – as the purpose of human political activity.

At this point, recollection leaps to the closing paragraphs in a book issued 35 years ago by another distinguished Professor of Politics in the University of London. In concluding his fine-tempered study entitled, *A History of Political Thought in the Sixteenth Century*, Professor J. W. Allen made the following observation:

> "... it seems possible that ... the tendency ... that has above all persisted and grown in the modern world ... pointed forwards to a skepticism not only of the government of the world by an ultimate and supreme Will and Intelligence, but to a skepticism of all values. It may be that this is the direction in which modern thought, as a whole, is moving. ... It may be that as man advances in phenomenal knowledge he loses belief in values and even in the possibility of knowing. May we look forward to a time when man will be able to do what he will and have no rational motive for doing anything? Then he will have achieved his sword of sharpness and his cap of invisibility, his magic carpet and Aladdin's lamp and find no reason for using them. For complete skepticism must needs destroy the basis of even the crudest utilitarianism. It may be that, in the long run, even desire will fail."

To judge from his published work – and I have no other basis – Mr. Oakeshott's is a considerable mind and perhaps a still more interesting personality. If the architectonic element in his work is weak – the issues not rigorously worked out, the relationships not painstakingly developed – this is a failing only rarely overcome where skepticism has become the controlling style of thought (and, in these rare cases, perhaps as the heritage of an older discipline). In my judgment, none of the present ten essays, with the exception of the one on Hobbes, is really well-written from beginning to end, but the essays contain many fine paragraphs, and there are occasional sentences of pure gold. These highest accomplishments occur infrequently in the philosophy, which is also, I think, of little systematic weight. They do not occur at all in the treatment of history, where Oakeshott is far from strength: he belongs to that school of historical study where the drive for understanding has departed and necrophilia has taken

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over. The most perceptive sentences in the book are – as is entirely fitting – about poetry.

> "What the poet says and what he wants to say are not two things, the one succeeding and embodying the other, they are the same thing; he does not know what he wants to say until he has said it. And the 'corrections' he may make to his first attempt are not efforts to make words correspond more closely to an already formulated idea or to images already fully formed in his mind, they are renewed efforts to formulate the idea, to conceive the image."

Here, I believe, Oakeshott is at his best.

Professor Oakeshott finds the "intimations" of political action in ritual and not in social analysis combined with political philosophy. He is, therefore, hardly in a position to object if his book is received as a ritual performance – or, more seriously, as a document for history rather than a treatise of social philosophy. And it is as a document to serve among the materials for the history of this age of political *Immobilism* that, I suggest, Oakeshott's work has its principal interest. Personal solipsism, moral skepticism, economic individualism, political passivism: these are not promising materials with which to construct a house of political conservatism. And indeed, so far as I can see, Professor Oakeshott has accomplished very little construction. He joins the elements he has brought together, at best, by metaphors. He sings a song of political conservatism; he does not formulate principles or policies. But his songs are ours too. His themes are among those that recur persistently in the intellectual dialogue of our time. His discords are among those we recognize easily as belonging to our family.

"MI HIJO *John es demasiado joven para conocer sus hazañas heróicas, pero cuando crezca un poco, le contaré mi esperanza que un día se demuestre la mitad tan valiente como vosotros. Y además le diré— no se preocupen, Jack no entiende español—que espero que quien sea presidente cuando mi hijo se halle en su propia Bahía de los Cochinos, demostrará la fuerza moral para no abandonarle en la playa. Les saludo.*"

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Americans in Paris, 1929

by William Saroyan

In a list of books Yvor Winters sent me thirty-three years ago, one was called *Last Spring They Came Over*, by a writer named Morley Callaghan. I had sent Mr. Winters some writing for a magazine called *Kaleidoscope*. Mr. Winters had replied that the magazine was only a mimeographed one, with very few readers, and in any case it had been discontinued. He suggested I might read the books on the list he had prepared for his students at Stanford. At the Public Library, to which I walked at least once a day during the depression, I looked up every book on the list and gave it my undivided attention for anywhere from five minutes to fifty-five, which was about my limit. When I came to Morley Callaghan's book I was glad it was a collection of short stories because I liked that form best. I read the title story, "Last Spring They Came Over," and said to myself, "This guy's pretty good. I'll read another." In no time I had read four of the stories, whereupon I quit, because now I *knew* Morley Callaghan *was* a writer, and that's all I really needed to know.

That Summer in Paris
by Morley Callaghan
(Coward-McCann; $5)

Two or three years later, in October of 1934, my own first book was published, also short stories: I was twenty-six, Morley Callaghan was thirty-one, Ernest Hemingway was thirty-six, and Scott Fitzgerald a year or two older.

Now, I'm dragging myself all over the place in this review of Callaghan's book for a reason. *That Summer in Paris, Memories of Tangled Friendships With Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Some Others*, is a writer's book, about writers when they were young, when they were starting out. The summer was 1929. Among the other writers was an almost-forgotten one who nevertheless had some very real importance at the time and in the book, Robert McAlmon, and a never-to-be forgotten one who figures only incidentally in the book, James Joyce.

That *was* a world, a wonderful, funny, phoney, stupid, romantic, laughing, posey, pathetic, sick and silly world. People wanted to be heroes. They wanted to be attractive and strong and superior and true and ruthless and honorable. Athletics was the thing. A man was stupid if he didn't know all about the most famous prizefighters and their little secrets of success.

Morley Callaghan's book is a tribute to that world and time, and to the two friends he did not see or hear from again after 1930 or thereabouts.

If the three of them were in Paris today (and in a sense they are), each would be a different kind of writer. Living was still personal in the late twenties: you didn't need any help from public events to make a fool of yourself. Hemingway appears to have been uneasy about the profession of writing insofar as it was the major preoccupation and activity of a strong man: its risks and dangers and difficulties just didn't seem enough in comparison with those of other loners: the prizefighter, the bullfighter, the criminal, the fighter-drunk. And so he took up boxing; only in Paris there was nobody to box, and then suddenly there was – Morley Callaghan.

And, this brings us to the central episode of the book: the match between Ernest Hemingway and Morley Callaghan, with Scott Fitzgerald serving as time-keeper: three extraordinary American writers, early in their careers, their best writing in the works or coming up in the next three or four years.

Fitzgerald and Zelda are living it up in Paris.

Callaghan, just married, is there with his Loretto because five years earlier he had met Hemingway on the *Toronto Star* and Hemingway had read his first stories and had encouraged him. Callaghan had sent stories from Toronto to Paris and Hemingway had handed them around to editor friends and acquaintances: Robert McAlmon, Hemingway's first publisher, for one: Ford Madox Ford for another.

Hemingway wanted to be told from the others. His writing did it, but he didn't want only his writing to do it.

Morley Callaghan's book about Paris

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in 1929 is also about American writers running away from themselves, from their country, from their true natures, from the profession of writing.

And so one afternoon Hemingway, six feet something, perhaps 190 pounds, and Callaghan, five eight, and perhaps 170, picked up Fitzgerald, and went to the American Club for a routine contest of boxing. Hemingway and Callaghan had had perhaps half a dozen such contests – friendly, unimportant, fun. But this time the time-keeper was perhaps the handsomest, brightest, most truly wonderful new American writer in years, and so another writer, Hemingway, equally lucky, wanted to be especially impressive. The third writer, Callaghan, was liked by the other two for himself but also for the short stories he was writing.

Callaghan doesn't say but one presumes the boxing contests with Hemingway were not prolonged – perhaps four regulation rounds of three minutes of boxing and one of rest.

Round one and Hemingway wants to look good, which means that Callaghan can get hurt if he isn't careful.

Round two. Hemingway wades in, Callaghan beats him to the punch. Hemingway is down. As Callaghan says in another context, it were as if the Woolworth Building had toppled. Consternation. Embarrassment.

Fitzgerald puts it somewhat this way: "O my God, I let the round go four minutes."

Hemingway glares and rests.

Round three. Callaghan doesn't knock Hemingway down again, but neither does Hemingway knock Callaghan down, and Fitzgerald is watching and keeping time.

Round four and Callaghan is doing just fine. Hemingway is also doing just fine, which of course isn't enough.

Fitzgerald is mortified about something – about having let round two go an extra minute and thereby enabling or perhaps even compelling Callaghan to knock Hemingway down, or about Hemingway not living up to the picture Fitzgerald wanted to have of him as a prizefighter.

Well, now, how were the three of them to get out of this unhappy predicament with egos intact, friendships intact, writing abilities intact, and all the rest of it?

The Champ just isn't fighting like a Champ, but if he tries *too hard*, Callaghan may just drop him again, and one gathers that Callaghan has no intention of throwing the fight.

At last somewhere in the fourth round (I'm inventing numbers and rounds, of course – the whole thing may have happened in *two* rounds) Callaghan, unhurt, unhit, accidentally slips to a knee or to both knees, and quickly Fitzgerald calls out something like this: "One knockdown for Callaghan, one for Hemingway."

And that's it, that's the story, that's the fight as it was fought. But it was a small part of another fight entirely. Each of the three writers was waging a fight of some kind that the others did not know about, could scarcely guess about, and could not help with.

Callaghan's fight seems to have been the easiest – simply to write well and to go on writing well, which he managed to do, which he is still doing, which he does in this book, slight and anecdotal as it is.

Scott and Zelda needed the human experience to be champagne all the time, and that of course is madness.

Hemingway was a very sensitive man who nevertheless was unable to take it easy about needing to be papa or the law or the best or the most, and so on.

Not long after my first book appeared a man got out of a taxi at 348 Carl Street in San Francisco and pressed the doorbell: Robert McAlmon, five or six years after the memorable summer Callaghan writes about. He is a fellow of medium-height, a little worn-looking, probably a little rattled, confused, eager to talk, and with a grudge only against Hemingway, but why tell me about it? I hadn't been there. I knew nothing about Paris except what I had read in the little magazines. We went to Izzy's on Pacific Street, Izzy Gomez with his hat always on his head: grappa fizzes, beer, jokes, songs, laughter and that was the last I saw of McAlmon. I bought his book *Being Geniuses Together* and read it, and the fact is he *had* been there, he *had* helped Hemingway at the beginning, and he *could* write, but he *didn't*. Which raises the question, Who are the real writers?

They are the ones who write. And all the clinical reasons for their doing so, for their *needing* to do so, all of the belittling or enlarging reasons, mean absolutely nothing to that simple fact.

In Paris in 1939 I stumbled upon a bookstore named Shakespeare & Company and I didn't even know it was a famous place. Somebody there, perhaps the lady who ran the place, put me on the telephone to speak to James Joyce, but I never met him. Morley Callaghan I met in New York in 1941. In San Francisco in 1936 I met Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas. In London in 1944 and in Paris in 1945 I met Ernest Hemingway. Although I was in Hollywood once or twice when Scott Fitzgerald was there, I never met him. I saw Sherwood Anderson lecturing to women in Los Angeles, but I never spoke to him. I once met T. S. Eliot, but not Ezra Pound.

All of these people figure in Callag-

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han's book, and I feel a part of them, but I *know* I am *not* a part of them.

That Paris deal was quite a deal. There was something especially American about it. My San Francisco deal was rather Armenian, or at least European.

When I finally went to live in Paris, in 1959, I was fifty, and the idea was to learn how to make money enough by writing to be able to pay back taxes. I didn't learn, but then I wasn't very comfortable about the idea of learning something clever like that which involved something as stupid as money and how to get it and not need to hand it over to the darling daring government. But that's another story, although it's set in the same place: Paris.

Times change, the world changes, and that *had* been a time, and a world. And those *were* writers, and one of them, Morley Callaghan, writing easily, has kept the whole thing in all of its youth and sorrow.

TELEVISION

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In the nature of the case, the ads must be aesthetically superior to the programs because only they want and are designed to have an effect on the watcher, to come home to him, to activate him. The programs – whether dramas, games, panel-discussions, or routine newscasts – are tactical operations to hold passive attention, while the ads are the strategic action on the audience and speech to the audience. The ads have real content, commodities, and an authentic contact with social reality – sales. From the ads something is supposed to happen; from the programs nothing.

There are also, let us keep in mind, the more prestigious and aesthetically duller institutional ads of giant corporations, where the program itself is selected to enhance the Image (this point was repeatedly insisted on by the companies in one of Mr. Minow's hearings). One has the impression, in these cases, that it is not a matter of vulgar marketing but of using up a swollen budget for Advertising and Public Relations.

Of course the formula – commercial action as the real business of life for which sex, education, community, politics, etc. are just the setting – is generic in our society and applies to other mass arts. But in television, for historical and technical reasons, it poses peculiar difficulties and has peculiarly displeasing effects. There is a clash, except in the institutional ads, of the real content and the programs; and it is frustrating and rather disgusting that the merely attention-holding programs claim so much time and foreground.

In the economics of magazines like *Esquire, Mademoiselle, The New Yorker,* and so forth, we must distinguish, just as in TV, the "sustaining part," the ads, from the "non-sustaining" part, the stories, articles, and cartoons. The readers do not support the magazines; circulation is kept up and expanded for the ads. These magazines exist, however, in a tradition of publishing, back to Sam Johnson and Fleet Street, in which the audience did directly support authors and booksellers without patronage; and in a literary tradition, back to antiquity, in which artists gave real rather than token entertainment and instruction to their audiences. Further, every such magazine is established to reach a segment of the public that likes its particular format and attitude and for which its staff has hopefully an affinity. The ads are selective, both in their products and their style, for this special public. In *Mademoiselle,* for instance, one can hardly distinguish the chief editorial content (the fashions) from the ads, and the residual content (the articles and stories) can be astoundingly anything at all – sometimes even good. In *Esquire* or *The New Yorker,* the attitude of the staff, the writing, and the ads more nicely merge. This gives the artists a relative freedom: if they meet the prejudices of the staff and are willing to be rewritten in the right format, they can breathe and prosper within the fairly wide limits of not flatly insulting the advertisers or seriously subverting the social system altogether. And the audiences can pick and choose among many magazines. Very important, finally, is the technical fact that, concentrating on an article or story from beginning to end (even though continued on page 78), a reader needs

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hardly notice the ads unless he is interested. From all this it follows that parts of these magazines can live together and the non-sustaining parts might sometimes touch some reality, though not so much reality as the ads.

Historically, radio and TV programs have drawn on no free tradition at all. What is their tradition? Hollywood movies, official newspapers, and regimented universities. Even vaudeville, the best part of the tradition, was moribund when radio began and dead when TV began. From the very beginning the programs were patronized; they never breathed a free market-place nor were a forum for unadministered authors. Fine authors accept censorship, pretaping, and being pushed around by format on TV that they would indignantly reject from a publisher or editor. Further, the broadcasters have tried from the beginning to corral "mass" audiences, without specific group or individual needs, and the networks have hugely succeeded. (This is what betrays the fine authors, for they cannot resist the lure of a million watchers.) Broadcasting has followed the common-denominator line – bland *cum* sensational – of the general-public press, like *Life* or some of the tabloids. All this has put the non-sustaining programs in a weak position.

Finally, technically, on TV and radio the non-sustaining programs exist in the same continuous experience of broadcasting time as the real content, the ads, that are the economically sustaining part. The effect of this is peculiarly unfortunate. Sometimes the aesthetically interesting ads are interrupted by the bland programs; other times the programs, desperately trying to hold or lull the audience, are interrupted by the agitating ads. Since the seconds are sold, everything is hurried. If there happens to be an important communication that is programmed for its general interest, like a crisis in the UN, it is devastatingly interrupted by a beer-jingle, a soothing soap ad, with heaven knows what effect on the citizens. Where the program depends on its sensational appeal, *e.g.*, a bloody Doctor show, there is a fierce clash with its luscious food ad. Where the program by exception presents something that has an intrinsic value, *e.g.*, an interview with a genuine and interesting man, it is trivialized by the ads; the man is insulted. (The interviewer is sometimes apologetic, usually just rude.) And of course the sale of the time-stretch to the advertiser necessarily favors him: either the program is interrupted by the ads irrelevantly to its own structure, or it is irrelevantly structured to be interrupted by the ads.

I am told that there are studies – I have not seen them – that demonstrate that the more authentically interesting a program is, the more stimulating beyond routine sensationalism, superficial excitement, or mere prestige, the *less* the memory of the commercial. This figures. However exciting the ads may be aesthetically, their contents are only ordinary familiar commodities that cannot compete for attention against novel reality unless one happens to be terribly hungry or needy. And certainly interrupting anything really interesting must lead to resentment, and blotting-out of the interrupter. If indeed there is a competition of this kind, between program interest and ad retention, the programs must become blander or even more superficially sensational. Only the most prestigious name-corporations, DuPont, Ford, US Steel, Standard Oil, etc., could dare to sponsor interesting programs without fear of vanishing from memory, resting secure in being the pillars of society that can allow even the interesting to occur – if it endangers the image.

What is the solution? In my opinion, the watchers ought to pay for free communication and demand what they need. Free broadcasters, including cooperatives of technicians and artists, ought to run the stations and control the ads as they see fit. The FCC ought to give TV back to us.

None of this is realistic. Given the temper of the Americans and the realities of our society, perhaps the most humane and popular realistic solution would be rather to drop the programs and expand the commercials into more leisurely and extensive information and entertainment to replace them. There is no doubt that, at present, most of the best talent, peculiarly anonymous, is devoted to producing the ads anyway; it would be reasonable to give it its head. The incursion of the ads into the programs is now not uncommon –*e.g.* Jack Paar, coyly – but this has the tendency to reduce the person in the program to the stature of a man who would

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say such words, a disastrous result when the person is supposed to have some authority, like Dr. Joyce Brothers. (Gene Shepherd, of course, tried to avoid the reduction by speaking the ad sardonically or sarcastically.) It is better to go the whole way toward commercial carnival. Certainly the most characteristic invention of TV, the Giveaway shows ("The Price Is Right" or the Quizzes), giving away commodities and climactically Money itself, have worked in this direction, with the most pleasant bridging of format and ads, the liveliest excitement of the participants, the most authentic content, namely goods and competitiveness, and immense audience popularity.

The attitude of Newton Minow is apparently just the opposite: to "contain" the ads, to diminish their time and muffle their decibels! and at the same time to "improve" the programs, but under the same network auspices and commercial patronage. In my opinion, such a policy must result in making the TV even more official, controlled, and phony than it is. The basic commercial reality, the need for the expanding mass-audience, remains. The basic political reality, to affirm the status quo, remains. The higher-level programming would be entirely factitious and pompous: Establishment art, news, and information. My guess is that with more pretentious programming the big corporations would be even more in evidence. This is no doubt exactly what Establishment people, like the Administration, think is dandy. I don't.

The world of TV is a peculiarly pure product of our public policy of an expanding economy with artificial demand (plus annual increases in the arms budget), to maintain both high profits and adequate employment. It has the aesthetics and human values that fit that policy. PAUL GOODMAN

FILMS

Olivier and Gassman

Term of Trial (Warner)
Love and Larceny (Major)

Every age has its favorite heroic type. In the thirties and forties an outstanding hero was the whiskey priest of Graham Greene – in both religious and secular guise: the imperfect, probably damned man struggling to do good, whether as cleric or Loyalist secret agent or African policeman. He has given place to the anti-hero, the ginger man who sees only gewgaw in conventional good; so it is something of a renascence to see Greene's hero at work again in *Term of Trial*, a film adapted from a novel by James Barlow.

This time he is a middle-aged teacher of English in a Midlands school, a former conscientious objector, soft-hearted and unambitious, devoted to whiskey and to his unappreciative students who tease him about the whiskey. He is married to a Frenchwoman whom he adores and who would love him if irritation at his lack of drive did not intervene. He volunteers to give special free coaching to a 15-year-old girl student in order to help her to a good job. Inevitably she gets a crush on him and puts him in a compromising situation. He behaves with discretion and sympathy. Since this is not what the girl wants at the moment, she is angry, loathes him, and lies about him to her mother. He is arrested, prosecuted, and found guilty, and makes an impassioned plea not for himself but for human understanding.

Here the story goes askew. A reverse, creakily ironic switch is tacked on, so

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Oscar Gass *is a consultant on economics.* Ralph Robin *teaches English at American University.* William Jay Smith *is poet-in-residence at Williams College.* William Saroyan's *novel* Boys and Girls Together *will be published in March.* Paul Goodman's *newest book is* The Lordly Hudson.

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that all may end well. Tricky plotting obscures what might have been a thematic point: that the world kills its Christians; that in the moment of trial a Christian's strength is in not fighting; and that the wife at last recognizes her husband's superior strength. All this is thrown out for a silly sexy ending.

The screenplay, by Peter Glenville, is slow and somewhat unsound even before this false ending. (Would the class bully–a razor-wielding spiv–have gone on the school trip to Paris?) Glenville's direction is heavy with "objects," whiskey glasses, horses' hoofs plodding along the street near the hero's feet, and similar comments. A plumper Simone Signoret – in fact, she is beginning to suggest Eileen Farrell – tries to give consistency to a part that lacks it. Sara Miles, making her debut as the pupil, is generally convincing, although she lacks the warmth of another English debutante, Susannah York.

It is Laurence Olivier's performance as the teacher that makes the picture worth seeing. In some recent films Olivier has seemed surly or partly anesthetized, and even in this one there are a few moments when he counts on impassivity to do too much for him. But in thick-rimmed glasses and old tweed jacket, he achieves the fundamental quality of a man grievously afflicted with compassion, who feels a little presumptuous at the size of his compassion and tries to hide it. His outburst at the trial cuts to the quick, a white-hot, bare-nerve revelation of agonized love.

Dull titles, especially on foreign films, sometimes make for bright surprises. *Everybody Go Home!* was a late Italian example. A new Italian example is *Love and Larceny*, a bottom-of-the-barrel tag that hardly prepares you for an ingeniously funny, neatly characterized, thoroughly sustained crook comedy. It is not so credible as the best English crook comedies (*The Lavender Hill Mob*, for instance), but its purpose is not to show you how crime can almost be brought off. It is simply a jolly cartoon strip about an unvicious confidence man's life – a man who enjoys his games with the law and never worries, because gulling is his *métier*, as a singer sings.

Dino Risi, whose directorial career has hitherto been undistinguished, handles the picture with finesse and enlivening touches. (We see a girl receive flowers and a note, which is all we need to know from the scene. As it starts to fade, she touches the flowers, pricks her finger, and, with the back of her hand, makes an Italian threatening gesture at the bouquet. What would have been merely a plot-structure brick is given comic gloss.) The script, as is customary in Italian films, is by a small army, at the head of which seems to be Sandro Continenza. Dorian Gray, at least 25 pounds lighter than she was in *Il Grido*, is a fitting svelte accomplice. Peppino De Filippo is perfect as an uxorious fellow-crook.

The dynamo of the comedy is Vittorio Gassman in the leading role – vivacious, versatile, happy in his humbugs. The con man is an ex-actor who cannot resist make-ups and dialects; so we are treated to Bolognese, Milanese, Catanian, and fake aristocratic accents, and no knowledge of Italian is needed to enjoy them. Gassman has had a long career on the Italian stage, much of it in serious roles. (I had the misfortune to see his Iago.) In pictures like *The Great War* and *The Big Deal* (those titles!), he struck a satiric, farcical vein and is now flourishing in it. It is always fun to see an actor, in his best strength, leap on a fat scene and wolf it down – like watching a hungry man eat. This film is a feast for Gassman, and he makes the pleasure mutual.

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